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my name is peter eberlin

we have probably never met

(but maybe we have)

you will be meeting me as you read what's in the box

i would like to meet up with you in some way

this way is by letting me get a clear picture of you

you can help me get a clear picture of you

by leaving behind a trace of yourself

after you've read what's in the box

(you will be reminded of this again when it's over)

you will (no doubt) know how to leave behind this trace

after you've read what's in the box

the white gloves and sharpie pens are provided

to facilitate this process of leaving behind your trace

please perform this activity on the cover sheet

to which the yellow city logo is attached

the tally sheet (below the cover sheet) is provided

for your square mark anywhere using the same pen

with which you left behind your trace on the cover sheet

i will be honored to have you read what's in the box

(be sure to allow enough time)

by leaving behind the trace of yourself

you will be helping me to continue my work

you are invited to take as much time as you need

show it to your family and friends

it will be a good time

Reps 85
Name Illegible

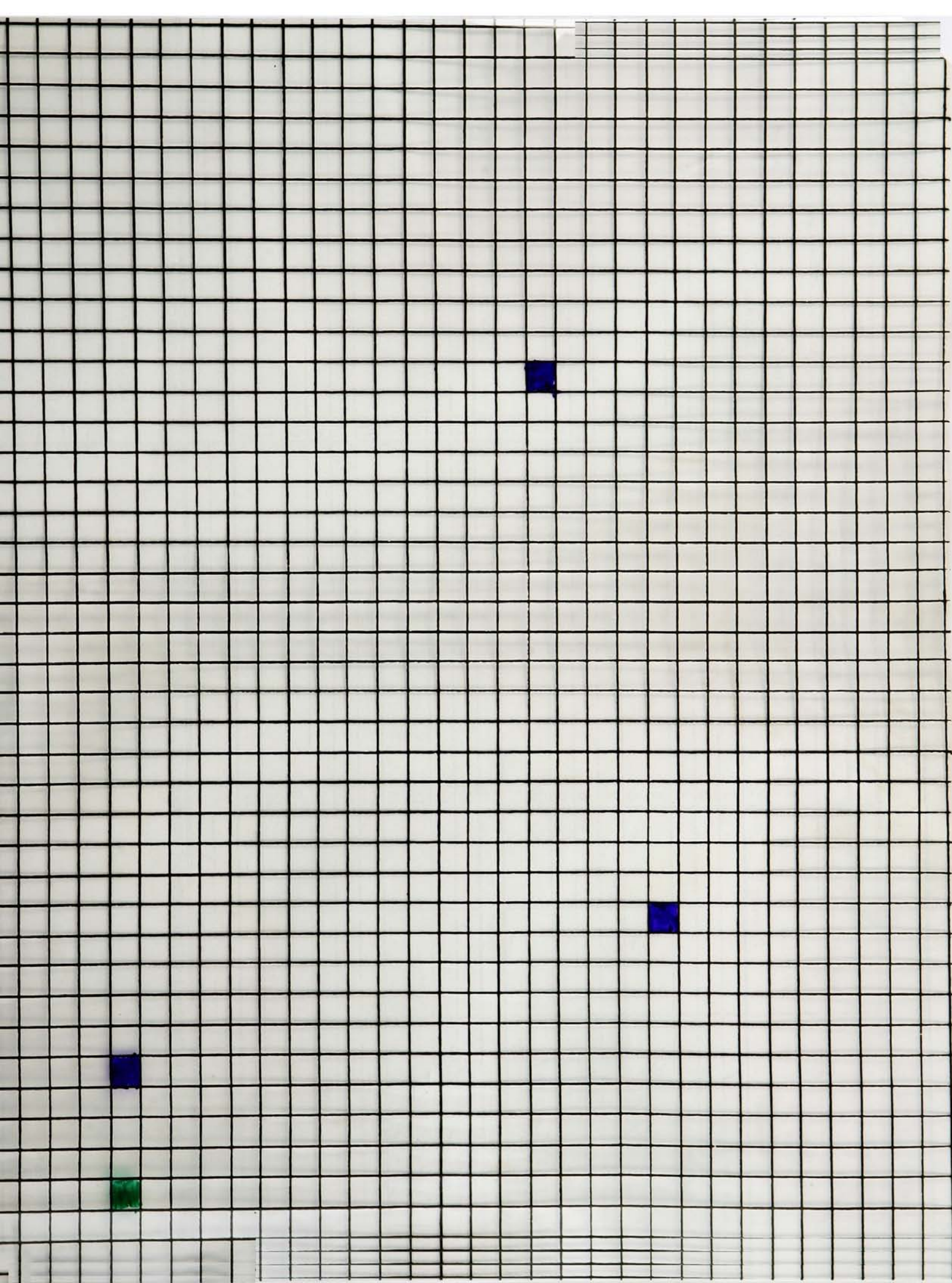


J Goff



Women's
R.I.T.
[Drawing of a person holding a flag]

Richard
D.
Zakia



ROCHESTER: DOCUMENTED

by

Peter C. Eberlin

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

MFA PHOTOGRAPHY PROGRAM

SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTS AND SCIENCES

ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

August, 1985

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ABSTRACT

Over a two-year period certain unappreciated, visual and factual aspects of the City of Rochester were systematically documented. These aspects of the City of Rochester consisted of Mobil Gas Stations and their owners, closed gas stations, and new businesses in former gas stations; the City Limits and residents, animals, and other noise-makers existing proximal to the City Limits; places where I had to wait in line; the MEN and WOMEN of City Hall; the dotted lines that separate traffic lanes; and a short, dead-end street that was bulldozed over and left for field. The process of documenting these aspects of the City of Rochester emphasized ways of categorizing and cataloguing seemingly random events and unrelated people and objects with respect to both time and space. The final exhibition installation engaged the viewer in activities similar to those I had to perform in order to complete the work.

TO

Mom and Dad and Joel and Sally
and to Chris H. and John R. and Michael N.
and to Wilma C. and Barbara H.
and to John P. and Bob M.
and to Judie G.
who all (at one time or another)
helped me to see the joy in art.

Peter E.



Document i. Documentation (courtesy of Anthony Petracca) of documentor documenting installation documents; from color slide.

INDEX OF DOCUMENTS

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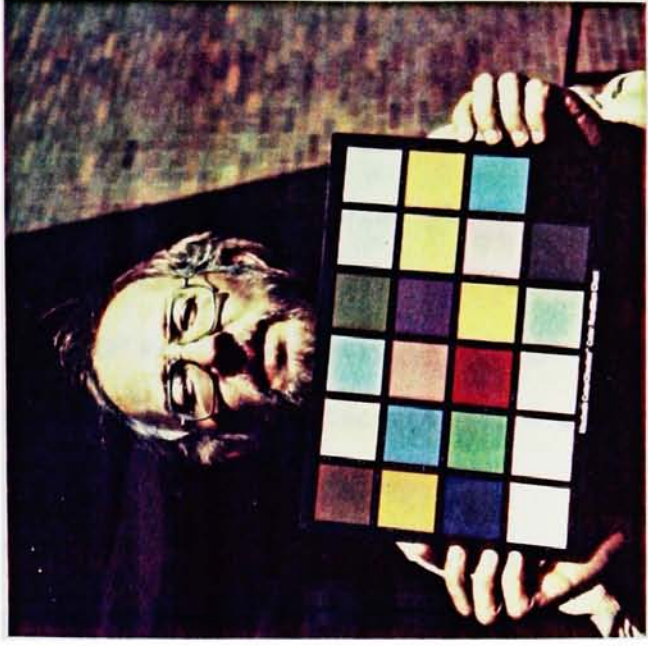
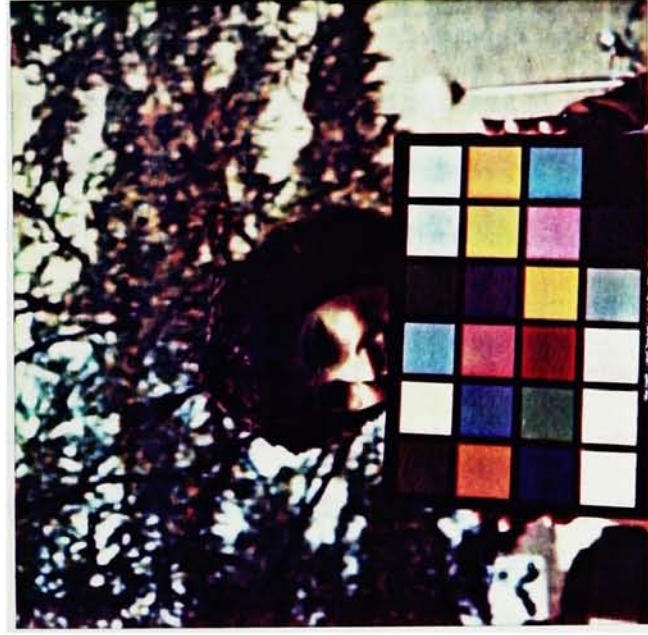
MOTIVATION

Barbara Phillips Bosworth uttered the key words sometime during midafternoon of some day just before Thanksgiving in 1982. Time extends from that event in both directions. Before that event it was happening right under my nose, but I failed to recognize it as such; after that event it continued to happen; however, I was totally and intensely aware of it. Purposely vague, I'm being, of course. "It" is my personal avenue of self-expression.

BEFORE THE EVENT--MY ANTECEDENTS

Just before that event, Barbara and I were in Bea Nettle's Fine Arts II class about alternative processes in photography. Bea had asked everyone to just do work, but to try out new methods and new ideas as well. I was also taking thesis credits and had already turned in a proposal which was approved. I had decided to continue my "Candid Portrait" series of photo screen prints, with changes and advances in the process being my principal focus. I even had my board selected. Charles (as Chair), Bea, and Keith Smith of VSW, all agreed to see me through my project. Everything was all set--except that something was missing that I couldn't put my finger on, but I had a hunch the first letter of that missing something was "e".

Way before that event, I was formally educated in Experimental Psychology (BA, 1967; MA, 1969). I worked in a psychophysiology laboratory for seven years. During this time I designed experiments, built hardware, programmed computer data collection, storage, and analysis, recruited college sophomores, ran the experiments, and published the findings in scientific journals. Furthermore, ever



Document I. MacBeth Colorchecker verification; from three (of five) Polaroid SX-70 comparison prints.

since I can remember, I have prided myself with noticing unusual number and word orders (e.g., phone numbers, license plates, and spoonerisms), and for exploring generative mathematical systems (such as linear series and geometric progressions) and abstract concepts. In summary, my background in science and mathematics is extensive and still strongly affects the process of my art.

A vignette: Dr. Z. has given all of us in his Perception class an assignment to photograph the MacBeth Colorchecker, using a Polaroid camera and varying exposures. I am looking for someone to hold this chart of different colored squares so that I can take the picture. I have been at RIT less than a week. So when I see the guy with light brown hair and a beard near the third floor cage not seeming to be terribly busy, I ask him to help me and he complies. After a couple of exposures, I introduce myself (this guy is looking very familiar) "...and you're?" "John Pfahl." Later on I suffer much less trepidation when I ask Nancy Stuart and myself to hold the chart for additional photographs. The five final Polaroid prints look interesting when arranged together in a single row (see Document I)...and I continue to display them in this manner on a shelf in my darkroom for over three years.

Up to a year before that event, John and two other educators provided me with direction even though at the time, application to my own work of information they presented was in disorganized, trial stages. John turned me onto "conceptual art" during my first year at RIT. John Baldessari¹ (who photographed his orange balls) and Ed Ruscha²⁻⁵ (who photographed parking lots and gas stations and palm trees and small fires) were two of his favorite examples. They also became two of my favorite examples.

At about the same time before that event, I took four art history courses from Bob Morgan. He gave me a thorough exposure to the minimal/conceptual art movement of the 1970's. He turned me onto artists like Christo⁶⁻⁸ (who was always wrapping things, big and small, or erecting long fences and tall curtains), Marcel Duchamp⁹ and John Cage^{10,11} (who both championed coincidence and "chance operations"), Sol LeWitt¹² (who "defined" conceptual art--see below), Walter de Maria¹³ (who wrote a short essay titled "Meaningless Work", which I read and concluded was not meaningless...at least to me), Jasper Johns¹⁴⁻¹⁶ (who reinforced my appreciation of irony and literal thinking), Allan Kaprow^{17,18} (who devised "Happenings" (more famously) and "Activities" (less famously, but more significantly to me)), and Robert Smithson¹⁹ (whose work included bulldozing fresh dirt until the earth was shaped much differently than before and whose writings have refreshed my attitudes about art and reshaped my own work and direction).

And then for a whole year before that event there is Nathan who turned me onto just thinking...alot. He clued me in that two images could be more interesting than one and three more interesting than two...and so on. He also suggested (indirectly) that the strategy of cataloguing in the manner of August Sander^{20,21} and Bernd & Hilla Becher²²⁻²⁴ was suited to my scientific approach to objects, places, and events. Thus, it became increasingly apparent to me that although the initial thoughts for creating art come from one's basic intuition, methods for completing the process of art could be logical and systematic and even organized.

During the May before that event, Nathan did one more thing for me. He made me (indirectly) go out and photograph all the Mobil Gas Station signs within the



Document II. Mobil Gas Station signs in Rochester; from six (of 35) Ektacolor contact prints.



Document III. Mobil Gas Station owners in front of their own Mobil Gas Stations wearing white gloves and pointing...; from six (of 35) Ektacolor contact prints.



Document IV. Mobil Gas Station owners in front of their own Mobil Gas Station signs wearing white gloves and receiving from me...; from six (including blank) (of 35) Ektacolor contact prints.

city limits of Rochester (see Document II). I performed this activity while taking my second class with him at VSW. Why all 35 Mobil signs? Because (I surmise) I was attracted to the red "O" in "Mobil" and the way this letter interacted visually with adjacent vertical structures. Sometime not too much later I returned to the Mobil Gas Stations and photographed all the owners (in the original order) in front of their own Mobil station (see Document III). And then I thought about this (what I had just done) and that (what I would do next) all summer. What I would do next was crystal clear in my mind--just as John and Bob and Nathan would have wanted it to be.

During the October before that event, because I had promised to give the gas station owners copies of their pictures for having been so cooperative, I had to go back a third time to all those Mobil Gas Stations. I had to present the owners with the pictures of themselves in front of their respective Mobil Gas Stations. Naturally, I had to photograph these 35 additional events (see Document IV). I also photographed during October all the closed gas stations in Rochester (six of them formerly having been Mobil Gas Stations), and planned to photograph as many stations, which formerly having been closed, were resurrected as businesses other than gas stations (pizza parlors, hardware stores, corner markets, etc.).

THE EVENT--MY INSPIRATION

(The key vignette.) Sometime during midafternoon of that day just before Thanksgiving in 1982, Bea's class is engaged in its final crit. It has already been a long session this Saturday. And it takes a while longer for the class to get to my wall display of all the documents related to the Mobil Gas Station series (photographs in 6 x 6 grids, maps, gas station listings from Mobil, a

wobbly bar stool, a crooked branch with one black glove at the top end, small cards dated and signed by the owners, and two pairs of white gloves--theirs and mine). Then while some of the other students are asking me what, how, and why, Barbara Bosworth stands beside me and speaks those words which would signify the turning point of my thesis process. She says: "You know, Peter, this work is really you." A light flashes "ON" in my brain! Sounds simple, right? But for a while I have been searching and groping for direction, for a means of expressing myself honestly, and she has helped me find it. I realize at this moment that the Mobil Gas Station series is a clear manifestation of the way I enjoy making photographic art: noticing some obscure or mundane detail and then pursuing its distribution within a predesignated area through extensive research and "detective" work.

AFTER THE EVENT--MY RATIONALE

No doubt influenced by both that event and my work on the gas stations, I come to the additional realization that at least for myself, I have a difficult time making pictures unless I have a predefined reason for doing so. I like to concentrate on photographing ideas²⁵ (or what is suggested by ideas). The arbitrary photograph does not sit well with me. By "arbitrary" I mean shooting with minimal intention, developing the roll of film, making a contact sheet, and printing the four or five "best" images. Although the finished 11 x 14 black & white or color, matted and framed prints are often deemed works of art by the maker, they hardly originate from the work of art. They tend to bear little or no relation to each other and work (together) only as a result of heavy editing or "happy accidents". Moreover, these finished prints are not connected with the process of their inception, but are arrived at unconsciously and subjectively, and

are "shown" on gallery walls behind glass, all at the same height from the floor.

In an essay titled "Paragraphs on Conceptual Art" Sol LeWitt reinforces my mistrust of the subjective, arbitrary image and suggests that one way to avoid such pitfalls is to "work with a plan that is pre-set." One should carefully "select the basic form and rules that...govern the solution [to] the problem. After that the fewer decisions made in the course of completing the work, the better. This eliminates the arbitrary, the capricious, and the subjective as much as possible"²⁶.

I, too, prefer to be deeply involved with making a plan and the process which coincides with carrying out that plan; the thinking, designing (as in an experiment), the recruiting of materials and information, and the actual order of shooting are all significant ingredients to my recipe for making pictures. I'll have an idea (pre-set plan) of what to look for--and there are usually more than one of what I'm looking for; then it's a matter of finding out where it (they) are located and (carefully) determining (ahead of time) how it (they) will be photographed. However, the resulting photographic records are merely documentary by-products of this process. There is no attempt to make them abstract or composed or color balanced or in any other way aesthetically pleasing. In fact, if they don't come out looking like common snapshots, I'm gonna be disappointed. This concentration on the planning and the process at the expense of the image works best for me.

Even though I cannot condone the arbitrary photograph, I seem to dream up ideas and systems which engage chance and coincidence during the process of making

my own work. Because my pictures often come out looking arbitrary, this might sound contradictory. An essay by George Brecht titled "Chance-Imagery" (1966)²⁷ lends substance to my argument. He believes chance is "defined by consciously unknown causes", and is more interested in the "mechanically chance process" recognized by Duchamp in the early 1900's. In his mind then art means "something constructed, from a starting point of preconceived notions..." But Brecht laments "...it seems to me that we fall short of the infinite expansion of the human spirit for which we are searching, when we recognize only images that are artifacts. We are capable of more than that"²⁸.

What Brecht (and I agree) seems to be suggesting relates to a crucial difference between arbitrary and chance. These two words may be taken as one and the same, especially when the latter is used in the phrase "by chance". However, to me "arbitrary" implies lack of motivation and minimal intentionality. If a person acts impulsively without an idea or concept to guide him through an attempt to make art, the result is often a shallow failure ("student work"). On the other hand "by chance" has a more hopeful connotation and is synonymous with luck, fortitude, and coincidence. Chance applies more to the process, but says nothing about intentionality (or a lack thereof). Thus, it is surely possible to have a defined direction and strongly intend to make art, but to adopt a process whose outcome is determined by chance alone. To set up procedures which rely on systems or various levels of order is to confine outcomes to a particular set; but within that set outcomes can be totally unpredictable. If we drop 20 stones from five feet above the 10-ft square floor of an empty room, our knowledge of gravity allows us to predict that all 20 stones will end up lying on that floor. Where on that floor no one can be certain.

My disregard for the single, arbitrary photograph relates directly to my feelings about the photograph as a document. According to the dictionary (an objective source), a prime quality of the document is that it be "without editorialization or fictionalization"²⁹. Of course, such a statement implies that a document tell or show the truth. From this I infer that a document is an objective datum about some thing(s), place(s), person(s), or event(s). Objectivity is maximized at the expense of attitude, opinion, and belief.

At this point I must make both a confession and a crucial distinction. First, the confession: the quoted definition above belongs to the word "documentary", used as an adjective. However, I see no problem with this slight inconsistency because I am referring to qualities of the document. Ironically, when the word "documentary" is employed as a noun, very different connotations arise; hence, the need for a crucial distinction.

The documentary (n.) as a book or film has diverged from an idealistically objective approach and has taken on a separate meaning associated with the "presentation of factual, political, social, or historical events..., often consisting of actual news [footage] accompanied by narration"³⁰. The documentary is produced by a documentarian as a means of expressing one's opinion or attitudes about some issue, usually political or social in nature, or beliefs about how some important historical event may have transpired. Disclaimers often precede the documentary to remind us that what we are reading or seeing may involve conjecture and personal interpretation.

Unfortunately, the term documentary (n.) has also become associated with

"sentimental pictorialism", "historical romances", exploitation and manipulation, staged "authenticity", and a "trajectory that involves the aestheticization (consequently, formalization) of meaning and the denial of content"³¹. These latter negative implications result because so-called "documentary (adj.) photographers" (as opposed to admitted documentarians) have been feeding off sensitive matters to make photographic essays which they then declare to be "documentary", i.e., objective and showing the truth! Racial and religious prejudice as well as deplorable social conditions have long been the subject of such essays, which become so editorialized they lose sight of the truth, of reality.

The FSA project is a clear example of the misuse of the documentary (adj.) strategy in photography. All the images are presented (to the public) from the point of view of one person (that of Roy Stryker). Photographers working for him (notably Dorothea Lange and Walker Evans) were instructed to use every available means to get pictures which would convey the desperate plight of the poor farmer during the Depression. Stryker has written about Lange's famous Migrant Mother photograph,

"When Dorothea took that picture, that was the ultimate... So many times I've asked myself what is she [F. Thompson] thinking? She has all of the suffering of mankind in her but all of the perseverance, too...You can see anything you want to in her."³²

But let us not forget that he chose that photograph because it would get the public to see and feel what he wanted them to see and feel (and rejected others of F. Thompson because they might have shown her to be smiling)--meanwhile F. Thompson was trying unsuccessfully to get the photograph suppressed since it wasn't actually helping her plight at all³³.

More recently, researchers have spent long hours at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., digging out from the FSA files negatives of images which were never published or even printed. And when finally made into glossy positives (way after the fact when it no longer matters), these pictures describe scenes and people's expressions which appear to clearly run counter to the content of those already published years ago³⁴. Which are the true documents? They all are! But editing allows us to see only one side. The final product is heavily biased.

Even more removed (in my opinion) from a documentary (adj.) approach than just editing to promote one's own point of view is to edit and infuse the image with aesthetics at the expense of content. As a result a viewer will be impressed by the "beauty" of the image while hardly noticing information fundamental to the image. Among the more contemporary photographers who fall into this trap is Bruce Davidson. Let's consider his East 100th Street, a book of photographs about the people of Harlem and their socio-economic conditions³⁵. He gained notoriety through his methods of working over the course of a year in that neighborhood which permitted him to enter without fear. He made friends with many Blacks and promised them all copies of the pictures he had taken. This open approach gained him fantastic cooperation. But the problem is, you can't document things or people you like (or dislike); you must remain neutral. Without this neutral stance, what takes place is a transformation that goes beyond the camera's conversion of 3-D space onto a 2-D print. It's called "beautification" or "glorification". Only the good (or bad) side is depicted; whatever the photographer doesn't want to see or want his viewers to see gets edited out, either by not printing all the frames (as with the FSA project) or by cropping during the shooting or printing; lighting can be manipulated; poses of people

can be suggestive. All this confusion results because some "documentary" (adj.) photographers try to make art at the same time; the photograph as art is an expression of the feelings of the artist; how can the feelings of an artist coexist with the objective process of documentation? In my opinion they can't. Hey, Bruce. It's OK. But please don't try to elevate yourself to documentarian just because photojournalists aren't allowed to be called artists. Hey, why not go into another room and proclaim yourself an artist there where we can't hear you? But don't include nudes of reclining Black women in your photo books and pass them off (the books) as serious social documents³⁶.

Does such an ideal exist? I believe that the cataloguing of August Sander in the 1920's and of Bernd & Hilla Becher in the 1960-70's come close. Sander's photographs of different "archetypes" of German people required a direct approach; his subjects, most of whom he did not know, were posed before his camera, but almost without exception, all faced straight ahead toward the lens. The lighting was simple; camera angle and distance remained relatively constant³⁷. The Bechers employed the same objectivity when they photographed different kinds of dwellings, factories, water towers, and other man-made structures across Europe and America^{38,39}. But their objectivity does not end with their photography; the presentation of the pictures clinches their cases. Sander published (or tried to publish) his images in several book volumes. The Bechers arranged their photographs in grid patterns. The only text accompanying each picture was the type of person ("barber", "meatcutter", "politician", "banker") in the case of Sander⁴⁰, or the location of the structure photographed by the Bechers^{41,42}. This form of presentation as a kind of "species typology" prompts immediate visual comparison, which is all that was intended⁴³. The Bechers write that

"We wanted to collect the information in the simplest form, to disregard unimportant differences, and to give a clear understanding of the structures. We wanted to provide a viewpoint or rather a grammar for people to understand and compare different structures. This is often impossible in their natural setting"⁴⁴.

By deciding on the single view ahead of time, these photo-documentors achieved a neutralizing approach. Sure, they each selected one view, but not necessarily the best (or worst) view; just a view. The purpose of the view was to provide information, not an evaluation. The only transformation to take place is onto the flat picture plane: true and honest documentation. States Sander in his "Credo to Photography", photographs

"can represent things in grandiose beauty, or in terrible truth, but can also betray incredibly. To see the truth we must learn to bear, but we should hand it over to our contemporaries and posterity regardless, whether it be favorable for us or not"; in summary, he feels the need⁴⁵.
"... to see things as they are, not as they should be or could be..."⁴⁵.

So do I.

A special case which bridges the gap between the Sander/Becher genre and my own is that of Ed Ruscha. His short and concise (but never precise) artist (picture) books, published in the 1970's, include few words and may give to the viewer an initial impression that he is out to catalogue and document unappreciated visual and factual aspects of Southern California. He has singled out gas stations on Route 66⁴⁶, palm trees in downtown L.A.⁴⁷, swimming pools⁴⁸, and parking lots⁴⁹. The camera angle is neutral and images are plain and simple. To eliminate visual bias, he has removed with scissors all photographic detail from around his palm trees and even had the parking lots shot by someone else from an airplane⁵⁰.

However, when one considers the subject matter (collectively), it should be clear that his attitude is anything but plain and simple. There are overriding

elements of humor, wit, and sarcasm in his work; he makes fun of the Los Angeles environs and lifestyle through pictures. But he doesn't get down on what he photographs; he just points his finger (kind of bent and drooping) with a wry grin on his face. He also confounds the viewer who expects from his "artist" books something more aesthetic (and the Library of Congress which expected something easier to catalogue--see footnotes 43-46); heck, his pictures couldn't be dummer! (More elegant writers would use the word "banal" instead.)

What I am trying to emphasize is that the work of Ruscha resembles documentation, but it does not conform to our ideal which requires images to be devoid of personal opinion and artistic merit. However, it should be evident that he employs a documentary style of picture making. The FSA photographers as well as Davidson also used the documentary style when photographing their subjects. But in addition, they included (heavy-handedly) formal aesthetic elements in their pictures. Ruscha does not; his intention has been to get his point across with visually indifferent pictures. I, too, am intrigued by visually indifferent pictures. I use this kind of imagery to illustrate my attitude toward Rochester, which indeed pokes fun at the city, but (I think) remains respectful thereof.

It is ironic that today selections from the work of Sander and the Bechers are probably hanging on some (art) gallery walls even as I write (and you read) these paragraphs. Critics and historians are constantly attempting to insert the documentation of these photographers (as well as others such as Ruscha with similar styles) into the continuum of (Art) History of Photography. All this furor has occurred and still occurs despite their intentions having been only to document; they have not proclaimed that they wanted to end up with pieces of

artwork. Writes Norbert Lyons about the Becher's pictures, "They are not presented as an art form, but as an exploration of the relationship between function and image"⁵¹.

A second irony is that I am using a strategy analogous to that of my heroes (including Ruscha) to document the City of Rochester. But my intention is to make art! (I figure I should for a fine arts degree.) However, I (too) do not intend to end up with pieces of art. The documents shall forever remain as documents. The process I endure to produce the documents together with the final configuration of those documents, that's the work of art.

It is now time to return to that essay about conceptual art by Sol LeWitt⁵². I wish to acknowledge that it has served as major source of inspiration during the formative stages of my early thoughts about the thesis. Reading it (several times) has reassured me that my own position is indeed valid. Therefore, with due respect for his ideas I will present for the reader a combined summary of his thoughts (his) and my thoughts (mine) about the process of making art (his and mine).

(a) the IDEA, no matter how simple or dumb, is the crux for generating the pictures, and can exist alone as a work of art (his, p. 414);

(b) the idea usually suggests some systematic approach to subject matter; all decisions are made beforehand; the execution of the idea is almost machine-like (his, p. 414);

(c) the process of formulating the idea and executing its directives derives the greatest satisfaction and is in fact the aesthetic experience. The final images are not important as anything other than visual records of the process; ironically, without discovering the idea on which the pictures are based, the viewer may perceive these images to be about as arbitrary as can be--because that is the way they look: not forced and not composed, but like snapshots (mine, p. 14);

(d) the system usually restricts each photographic exposure to be made from only one locus or at one time, regardless of other conditions; thus, while the parameters of the exposure are determined a priori, what shows up in the viewfinder is determined by chance alone (mine, p. 15);

(e) in a closed system the total number of images is prefigured, usually to fit some grid; all images must be presented in the order of their exposures; no reshoots; no rejects (mine, p. 15);

(f) in an open system the total number of exposures is unknown; sometimes reshoots or rejects can be permitted; however, the process from the original idea must go to full completion (mine, p. 15);

(g) in its most pure state a verbal expression of the idea through printed words is all that is necessary; the actual execution of the idea and the display of images is unnecessary (his, p. 416). However, for myself I find that I develop ideas which are not only complex, but which are also likely to generate other ideas in a chain of sequential events--just like the deductive method in scientific experimentation. In this case the process is integral to completion of the idea and must be carried out at least as far as possible; if an insurmountable obstacle arises, the process stops there; the outcome is just as valid as one for which the process was able to go to completion; in either case the process results in a work of art (mine, p. 15);

(h) all materials (sketches, scribbles, notes, models, implements, conversations, etc.) which go into the process of realizing the idea become part of this process and, hence, the work of art (his, p. 416);

(i) the viewer (including myself (as a viewer)) is not necessary to complete the aesthetic experience; neither is a gallery or exhibition hall. Only that I finish the process (or come as close to finishing as is physically possible) is sufficient for me to experience aesthetic satisfaction. That I must perceive visually exciting data records is not part of the intention; however, if spectators do enjoy viewing the documentation of my thought processes and the visual data do (by chance) become aesthetically stimulating in spite of my initial intentions, so much the better; I don't believe in hermetically sealed art (mine, p. 15);

(j) there are two possible temporal arrangements of words and pictures: (1) one can make the picture first and fit words that seem to go with it as a caption; or (2) one can think up the words first and then make a picture (or pictures) to fit the words; this latter alternative seems far more challenging, especially if one avoids the use of single nouns as the words and instead resorts to clauses or entire sentences (mine, p. 15).

A third vignette: I am visiting friends in Boston over Thanksgiving in 1983. I also visit the Institute of Contemporary Art to see the current show. I pick up leaflets at the front desk. The Introduction (to the show) begins with a brief

quote from Michel Foucault's The Order of Things.

"Order is, at one and the same time, that which is given in things as their inner law...and also that which has no existence except in the grid created by a glance, an examination, a language..."^{53,54}.

This quote seems to relate to objects and the context in which those objects (art or otherwise) might be placed. I think it applies to my thesis ideas, and especially to the final exhibition display.

Robert Smithson's writings (1979) have had an even more direct influence on the installation of my thesis show. As an "earth" artist on the contemporary art scene (he died in 1973), he was concerned about relating his outdoor sculptures and processes (in which the space was unlimited) to the interior of the gallery (where space is limited). He solved this dilemma with his site/non-site dialectic--by somehow bringing into the exhibition room a representation of his outdoor earth art, which was directly related to both the earth space outside and the gallery space inside^{55,56}. I concur with this strategy of integrating the exhibition space with the finished work. Two specific solutions which I employ are (1) to construct a "non-site" which is proportionally scaled to the original outdoor location; and (2) to involve the viewer in much the same manner as I was in gathering and compiling data about this site.

This (long) series of (long and short) paragraphs summarize my (current) philosophy of picture-making. It is based on premise and intention and chance and order. It most strongly emphasizes process at the expense of image. And in regard to my thesis, after receiving permission to change my mind (completely), here is my new (as opposed to revised) reason for doing what I (eventually) did.

PURPOSE

To systematically document certain unappreciated visual and factual aspects of the City of Rochester to which we as viewers do not usually attend, but with which I have become increasingly fascinated during my years of residence in Rochester; to emphasize ways of categorizing and cataloguing seemingly random events and unrelated objects with respect to both time and space; and to engage the viewer of the final exhibition in activities similar to those I had to perform in order to complete the work.

PROCEDURE

Systematically document unappreciated visual and factual aspects of the City of Rochester; spend a half year getting up the nerve to commit to what appears to be so large a project; recollect what has fascinated me most since my arrival here in September of 1981; write down all impulsive ideas, but also allow for embellishments, deletions, and a process of moderation; this will retain the strongest ideas and eliminate the whimsical and irrelevant and impractical and impossible ideas; definitely intend to carry out the ideas to their logical conclusions; try to plan out (at least) the first round of decisions; use cameras to record visual events and (possibly) a tape recorder to preserve auditory events; employ both in a most objective manner; for each category of objects or scenes to be documented, photograph all within one category from the same relative location; make only one exposure (unless camera malfunctions); centralize these objects or scenes within the viewfinder and pay no attention to surrounding information within the frame; if people are to be photographed, treat them with the same objectivity, but also try in some way to involve them in the process; a closed system is a nice idea, but such leaves little room for additional creativity once the process has begun; therefore, concentrate on ideas about these unappreciated visual and factual aspects of Rochester which are likely to evolve within an open system; retain important written, typed, and copied documents as well as sketches, notes, and details of phone conversations; also save objects and "props" used consistently during the documentation process.

Here are the unappreciated visual and factual aspects of the City of Rochester to which I have (originally) decided to attend during the documentation process:

(1) to (finish) photograph(ing) all the Mobil Gas Stations, all the closed gas stations, and all the stations which were closed and now have been resurrected as some other business;

(2) to photograph the City Limits of Rochester; this statement implies that I must hike the entire contiguous perimeter of Rochester and photograph all sections of the boundary that I can be sure really belong to Rochester;

(3) to photograph for one month all the places where I have to wait in line in Rochester; I seem to do alot of this (non-) activity while in the city; dates and durations of wait must be recorded as well;

(4) to photograph all the MEN and WOMEN in the Rochester City Hall; there may be over 500 men and women in City Hall, or there may be alot fewer;

(5) to photograph the standard dotted lines designed to provide traffic lanes on the city streets of Rochester; this means measuring as many lines as necessary to find one(s) of the right length;

(6) to photograph all the animate objects (including people) that pass by some relevant location over one hour in Rochester;

(7) to photograph all the important rolls of film in Rochester; this implies first writing to the Department of Motor Vehicles in Albany;

(8) to photograph the letters R, O, C, H, E, S, T, E, and R where they would be transposed if my road map were enlarged to the size of the city and then laid down on top.

After I am satisfied with having completed the entire documentation process, create a scaled environment within a gallery which will display the photographs and collected artifacts in relation to their location, significance, or function within the City Limits of Rochester; entice the viewer with abundant clues, but don't come right out and tell him everything; within the installed gallery environment attempt to engage the viewer in activities which parallel or mimic those that I had to perform to document the unappreciated visual and factual aspects of the City of Rochester.

Finally, invite Rochester residents to the Opening Reception through a newspaper article which includes an admission coupon for them to clip out; send

to all those photographed during the documentation process a special invitation which either encloses a copy of their photograph or requests them to be photographed at the Opening in front of their displayed picture, receiving a copy thereof; include the resulting Polaroids as part of the exhibit; for all those who attend the Opening, especially those directly involved in the process, have it be a good time!

FINDINGS

What I have (originally) decided (planned) to attend to and what I actually do attend to during documentation of the unappreciated visual and factual aspects of the City of Rochester do not coincide. Remember: I have allowed myself time to judge how realistic those light bulbs of inspiration may be. And indeed, of the eight listed above I do eliminate three. To photograph all the letters in the name ROCHESTER where they would be transposed if...; a little research reveals John Baldessari has already performed this activity in California⁵⁷. To photograph the important rolls of film...; this one I am truly excited about. I even call the Motor Vehicle Department in Albany and request about 20 forms (see Appendix A) which might eventually help me locate people who own cars with the license plates that have attracted my attention (e.g., ASA.2000, ASA.2001, ASA.9999). Unfortunately, with invasion of privacy an obvious hurdle and near certainty that Albany (even though they do send the requested forms) would not furnish the information essential for locating these car owners, I can this idea. (Interesting that although throughout the entire project, I remain faithfully optimistic, here is one of the few times can equals can't!) To photograph all...objects that pass by some relevant location...; somehow this one never does generate the enthusiasm that the others do. Each time I address the idea, I become mired in a lack of clarity and never do get to the feasibility part; so it is canned, too.

Thus, after allowing for deletions and moderation, here are the (original) five unappreciated visual and factual aspects of Rochester to which I (finally) decide to attend:

1. All the Mobil Gas Stations in Rochester, All the Closed Gas Stations, and All the Formerly Closed (or Mobil) Gas Stations which have Reopened as Some Other Business;

2. The City Limits of Rochester;

3. All the places where I have to wait in line during one month;

4. The MEN and WOMEN of City Hall; and

5. The Standard Dotted Lines in the Streets of Rochester.

I begin in May of 1982 with the Gas Station series and finish documenting on April 29, 1984 when I sign my name on the standard dotted lines(s) of St. Paul St. in front of the (formerly) Pyramid Arts Center where the culminating installation is eventually erected.

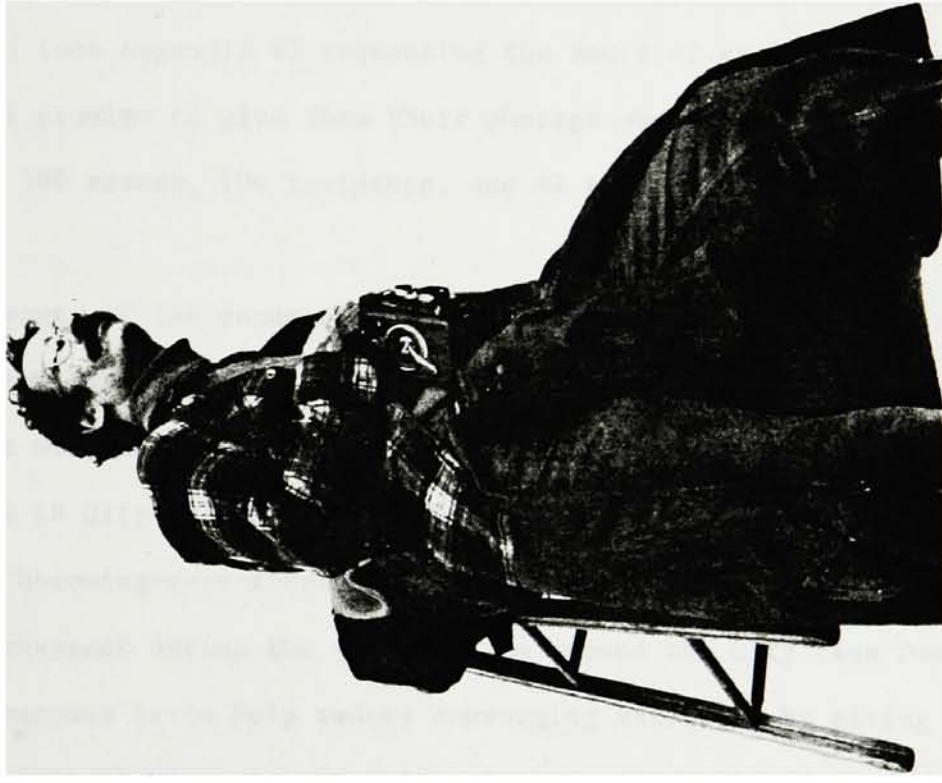
I work for one and one half years on the gas stations, nine months of one year on my city limits walkaround, one month on waiting in line, one week on the City Hall MEN and WOMEN, and one (Easter) weekend on the standard dotted street lines. I also allow for additions and embellishments. One such addition occurs as a result of one incidental conversation between Barbara Zinker and Ira Srole in the Photo Lab of City Hall. This conversation which includes my name and place generates the sixth and last of the unappreciated visual and factual aspects of the City of Rochester to which I decide to attend:

6. Peters Place, a dead-end street recently bulldozed over and left for field. I work on this piece for one early evening in August of 1983.

It occurs to me about half way through the total process that these six activities have more in common than just being a documentation of unappreciated visual and factual aspects of the City of Rochester. I realize as I come out of Sue O'Brien's office in City Hall at 4pm on Jan. 19, 1984 that all these

activities, conducted in a scientific-like manner, are held together by the slender thread of the dotted line. Everytime I visit the Mobil Gas Stations I follow the same route through the maze of city streets. The city limit is an imaginary dotted (or dashed) line which is carefully drawn onto the surface of the Rochester map to satisfy the whims of property owners, city planners, and tax collectors. Of course, with "waiting in line" and "the standard dotted street lines", one doesn't have to go further than the title. Before I actually photograph the MEN and WOMEN in City Hall, I obtain as many signatures as possible from the city employees. I ask them to first draw a dotted line on the acetate sheet I provide and then write their names above it, thereby signing on the dotted line. And finally, Peters Place, now an imaginary street, can only be conceptualized by drawing dotted lines to show where (formerly) it has been (which I do).

As I continue to perform these activities, I also realize that the events that I photograph can be categorized as scenes, incidents, or exchanges. To elaborate, the scenes become the pictures of the various sites I discover and photograph as I follow the activity directives, e.g., the Mobil Gas Station signs, the views into the city from the city limits, the places where I have to wait in line, etc. The incidents are the most engaging events of the entire project, and include so many charming and unexpected coincidences one after another that I can't possibly keep track. I refer to some of the incidental meetings of which I do keep track as "vignettes". The incidents involve people, animals, and (sometimes) noisy machines I encounter by chance along the way, e.g., the Mobil Gas Station owners, people who live near the city limits and whose voices are preserved on tape by my cassette recorder, and the 300 City Hall employees who all signed on the dotted line. Finally, the exchanges become my way of thanking for



Document V. Documentation of bar stool strapped to day pack; exposure made on shore of Lake Ontario as I near the end of my Rochester City Limits Walkaround.

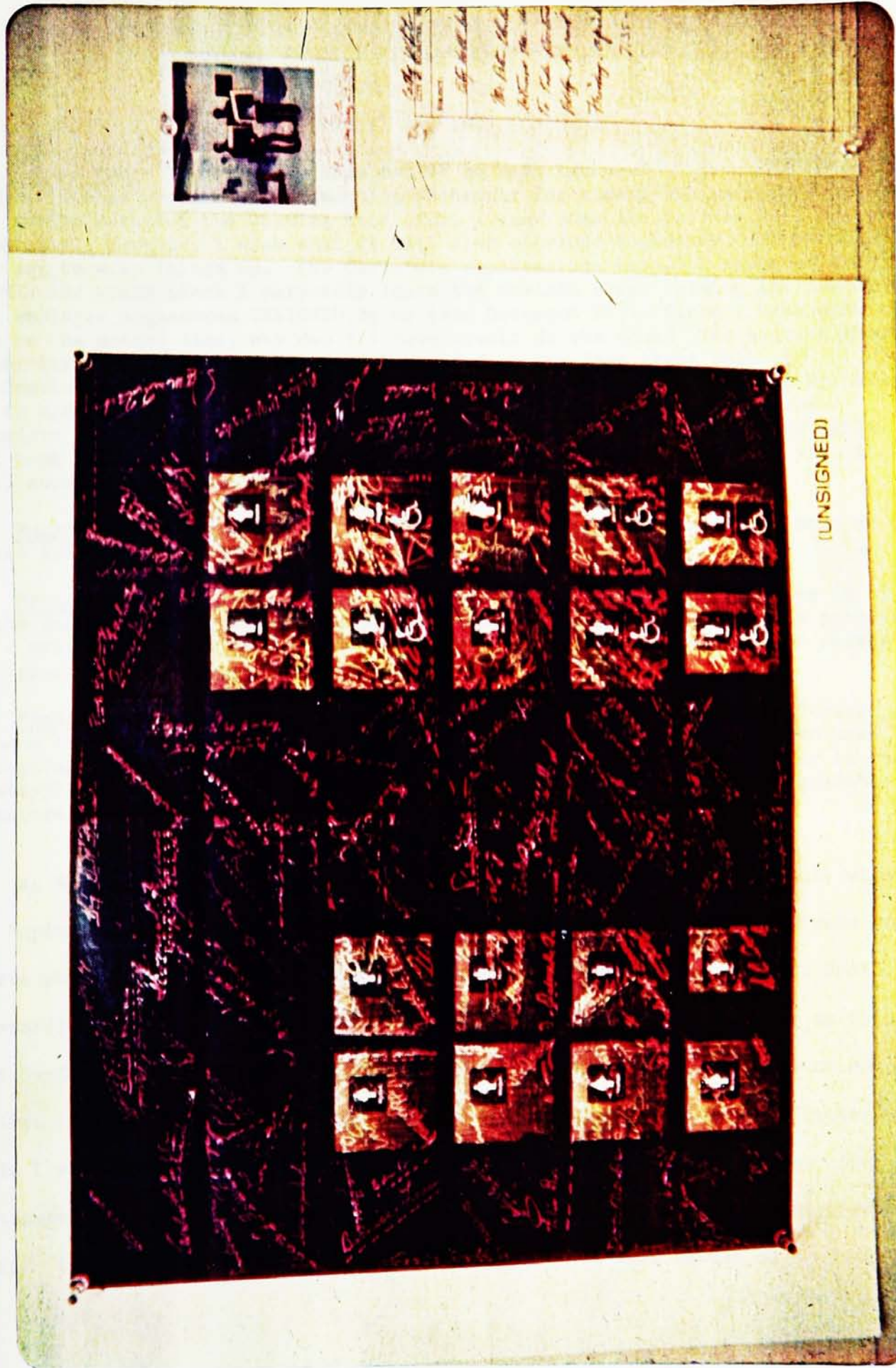
their cooperation and assistance the people I have met during the incidents. I do this by giving to them a copy of the photograph I have made of them at the time of the incident. For the Mobil Gas Station owners I present a copy of their individual prints as part of the activity, cutting each one out of the original contact grid sheet and photographing a "ceremonial" exchange. Most of the others involved in the incidents receive their photographs through the mail as part of the announcement/invitation to the final exhibit. The people and animals and noisy machines I meet around the city limits are special. Therefore, I mail to them special invitations (see Appendix B) requesting the honor of their presence at the gallery Opening. I promise to give them their photographs at that time. Overall, I photograph about 500 scenes, 106 incidents, and 42 exchanges.

Two other elements of the documentation process which seem to become constant props deserve mention here. The first is my trusty thesis stool. All 250 photographs for the Gas Station series, the 81 scenes for the city limits walkaround, and the 18 City Hall MEN and WOMEN scenes are all made with me standing atop this becoming-ever-increasingly-more-wobbly bar stool. I even carry it strapped to my knapsack during the 44-mile hike around the city (see Document V). Although its purpose is to help reduce converging verticals by giving me elevation, it also (often) attracts attention of passersby and gets me (more than once) into trouble. One time it is actually stolen by a kid prankster who fortunately feels guilty enough later on to show me where he has "hidden" it on the sidewalk across the street (one of my peak levels of anxiety during the whole project).

Second are the white gloves that I make nearly everyone whom I photograph (and who reads this manuscript) wear (see in front of front cover). I adamantly insist (but in a nice way) that they (you) put on the gloves whenever they have to handle photographs (you handle these pages or sign the front cover) which I have already produced. I announce this requirement to all 35 Mobil Gas Station owners, all 23 new owners of (formerly) Mobil or closed gas stations which were being resurrected as some other business, all 300 City Hall employees who sign on the dotted line, to myself during the exchange with the 35 Mobil Gas Station owners (and to all you good readers). We (you) all comply (admittedly, some with coaxing). It is wonderful to observe the reactions of people as they decide how and then attempt to put on these tiny (but stretchable), white (at the start) cotton gloves. It is especially wonderful to observe the reactions of the 35 Mobil Gas Station owners, most of whom have unusually large hands which are lined (and often covered) with grease.

Finally (as if to prove a point), I use all the more than 700 exposed frames in the eventual exhibition. Since to document in the purest sense implies no editorializing, it would be contradictory for me to leave out any of the photographs made during the six activities. In a few cases I even employ unexposed frames (blanks) to document an event which does not occur (as I expect it will).

Although the six activities mentioned above are described in copious single-spaced detail in Appendix C of this report, I need to relate how the project finally ends and then how it is finally presented to the people who live in the City of Rochester.



Document VI. Partial installation view of The MEN & WOMEN of City Hall; note how the piece is (indirectly) not signed by me; from Ektacolor print made by sandwiching color negatives and signed (by 300 City Hall employees) acetate sheet.

HOW THE PROJECT FINALLY ENDS--THE SIGNING

I. THE SCENES & THE INCIDENTS--April 29, 1983

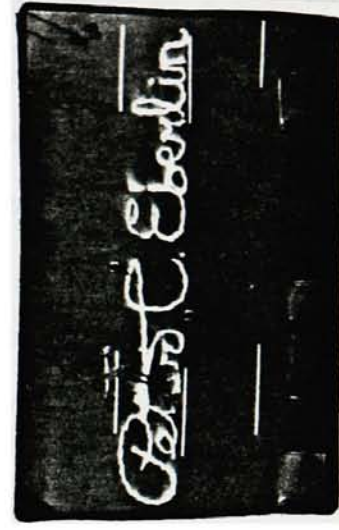
Motivation: The time has come for it to end, but how? I have been engaged in this intense process of documenting Rochester for almost two years and with May 11th as the date for the Opening Reception, I know that the process will conclude temporally. However, I wish that it will also conclude logically. To think of some way to wrap things up. (No Christoic implications here.) I remember that for the MEN and WOMEN piece I purposely leave the acetate sheet holding the 300 City Hall employee signatures UNSIGNED by me (see Document VI). Since I have made them sign on the dotted line, why don't I have myself do the same? The acetate sheet is off-limits. Somewhere else will have to do. The last light bulb of inspiration flashes ON while I am riding with Lynn (van) Campbell along Mt. Hope St. in April. I tell her of my idea and she is amused. The location and procedure both fall perfectly into place. The process will conclude logically. I just hope people don't think my motives are purely egotistical; after all, it is (yet) another thesis activity directive which will make me...

Purpose: (to) conclude logically my thesis process by signing my name on the dotted line in the City of Rochester.

Procedure: find a location in Rochester where it is suitable for me to sign on the dotted line; recruit an appropriate person to photodocument this process; use a medium which will leave only a temporary trace, and therefore, not deface the appearance of any city property.

Findings: on St. Paul St. in front of the (formerly) Pyramid Art Center becomes the suitable location; City Photographer Ira Srole is the person most appropriate for photodocumenting this last process; flour (for Rochester is the flower/flour city) seems to be the best medium for leaving only a biodegradable signature.

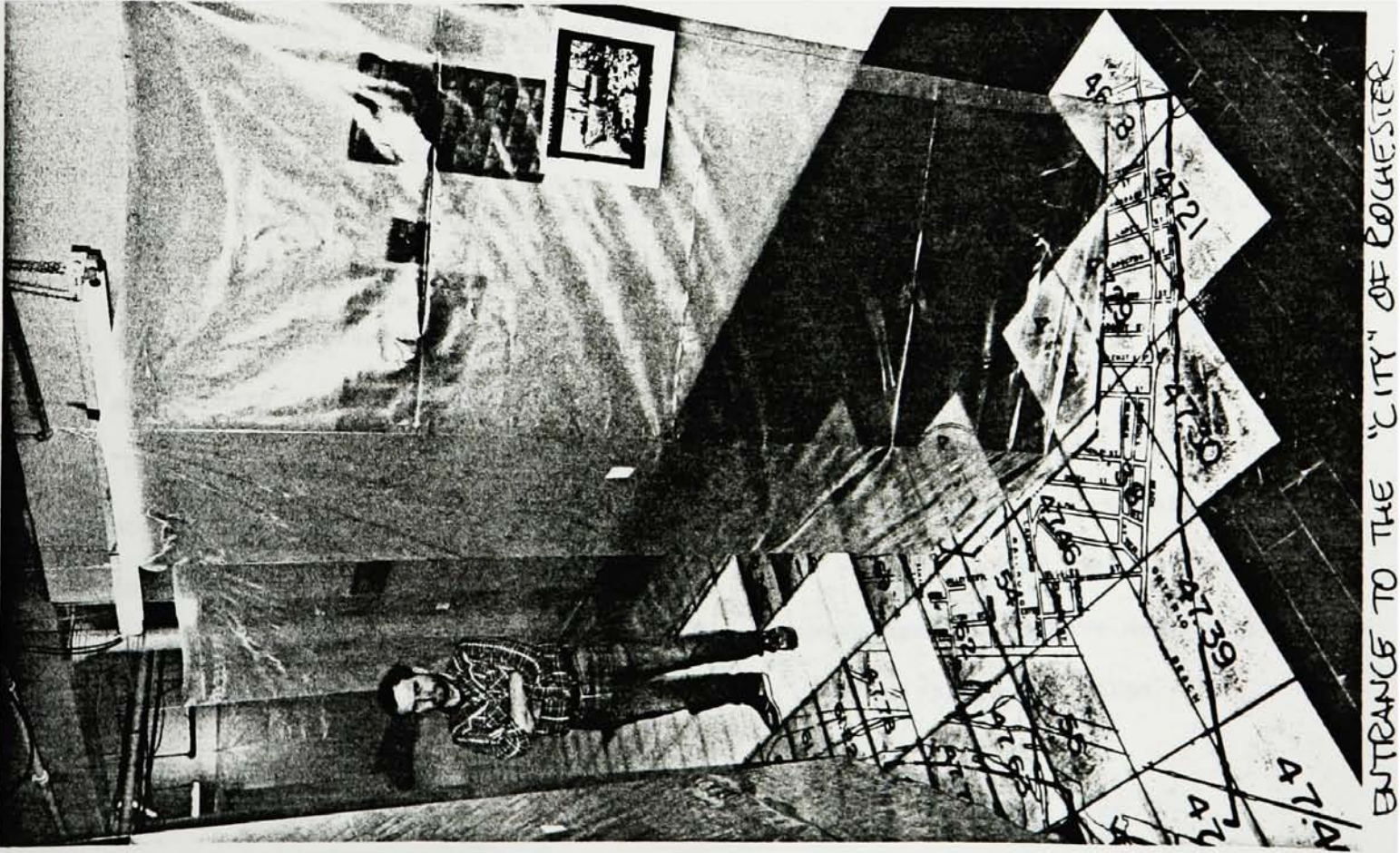
At 9am down on the street I start funneling flour (using a bleach jug with the bottom removed) while up on the roof of the building next to the Pyramid Ira starts photographing. I set bright orange road cones obtained from City Hall (Leonard) out in the middle lane of St. Paul St. to keep traffic at bay on this last Sunday in April. To sketch out my full name I pour onto the pavement about 25 lbs. of unbleached flour purchased from the Genesee Food Coop @ 31 cents/lb. While I write continuously, Ira shoots one frame about every one minute. The signature (see Document VII) is completed in eleven frames. It measures about 8 x 55 ft. Ironically, it is difficult for me to perceive this result of my last



Signing on the dotted line



Document VII. Installation view of City Gateway (left half) and documentation (courtesy of Ira Srole) of Signing on the Dotted Line (lower right-hand section).



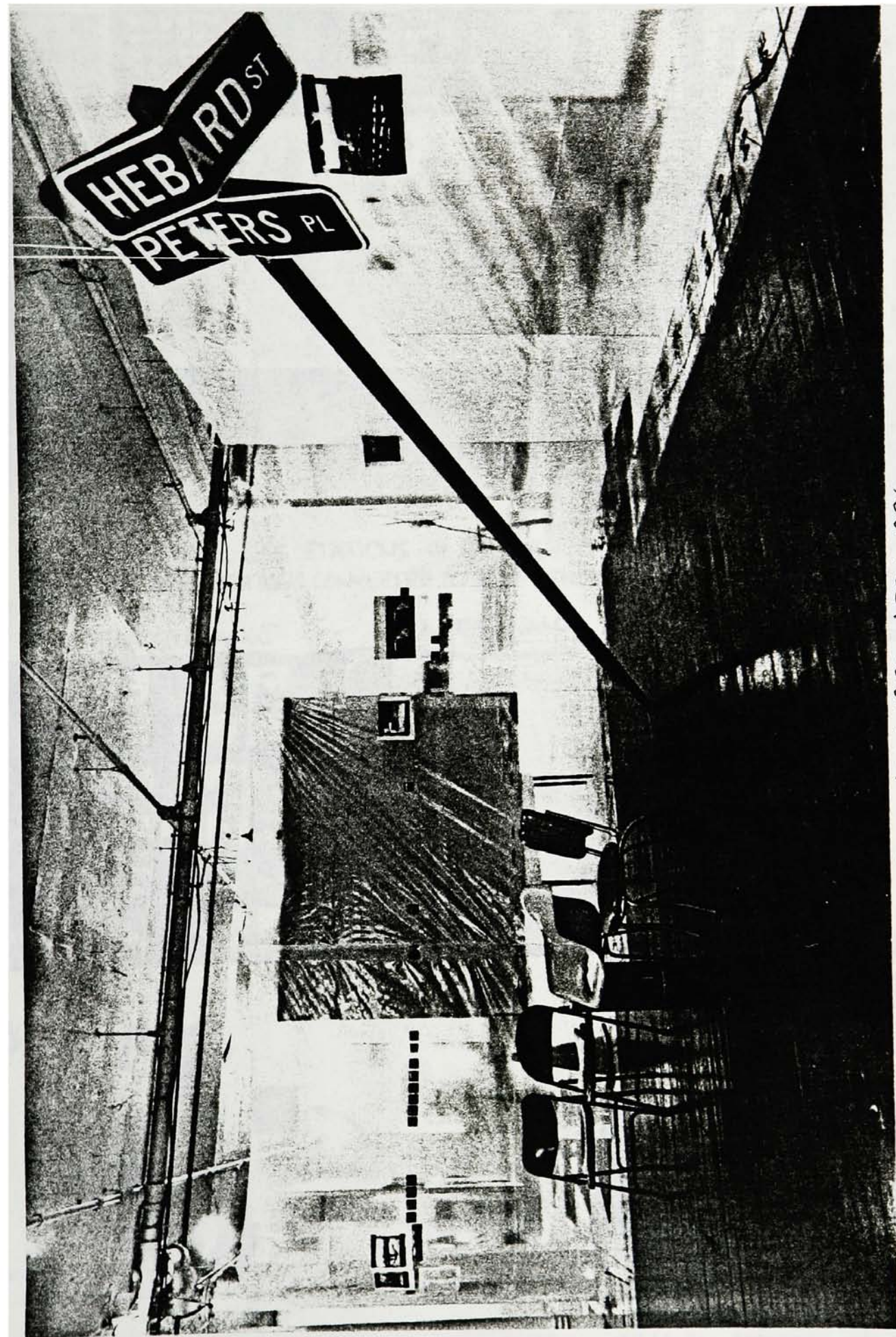
ENTRANCE TO THE "CITY" OF ROCHESTER

thesis activity because it is so broad and I'm standing right on top of it. However, the emotional outpouring I experience is unbelievable as I realize my thesis process has finally come to completion almost two years to the day from when it began. As a last gesture I remove the road cones which have been protecting the signature (and me) and join Ira who is still photographing from the roof-top. As cars and trucks pass by, around, and over my creation, its outline begins to fade and break up. Within an hour nary a trace remains on the street except the dotted lines upon which I have signed. Their degradation will take years longer.

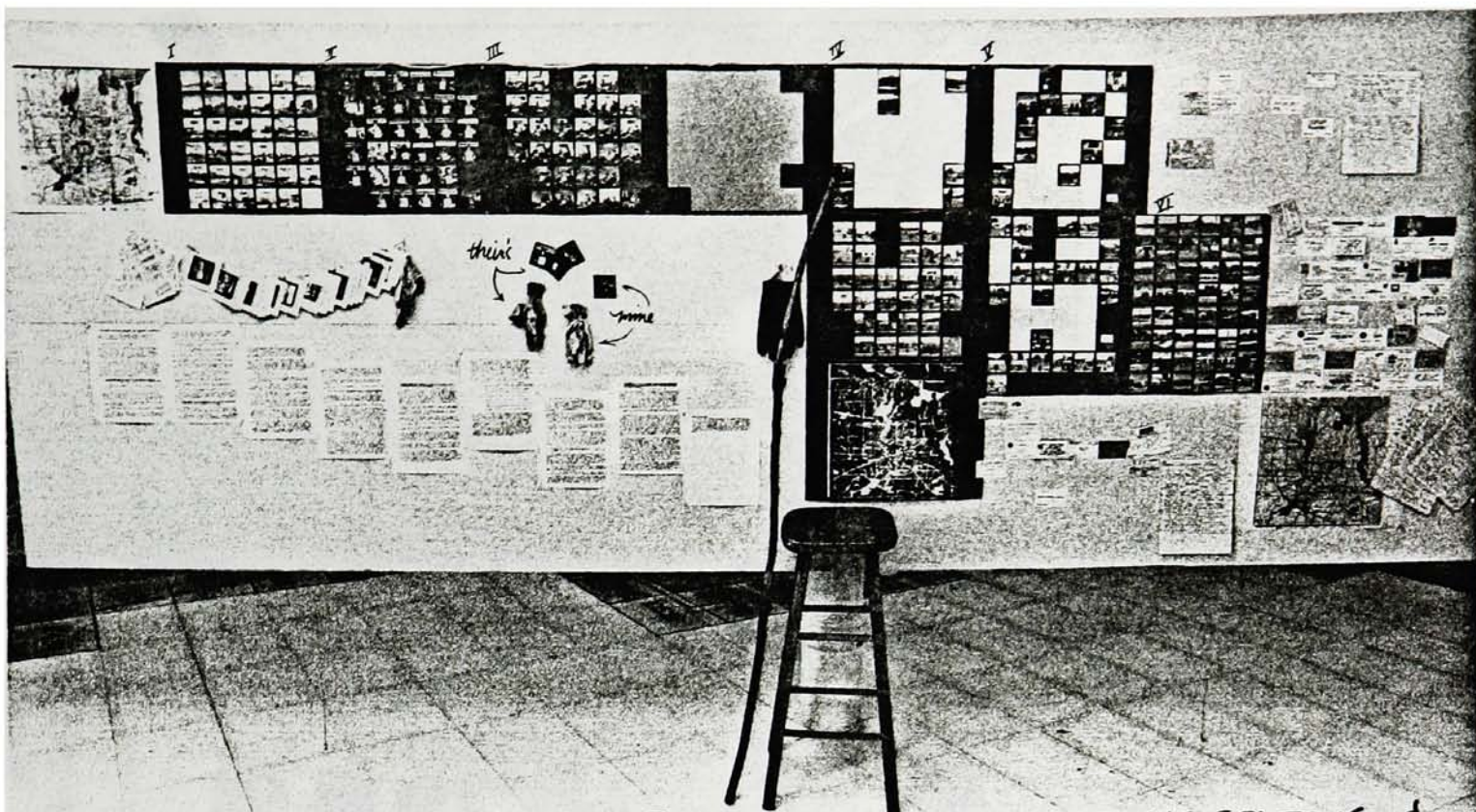
HOW THE PROJECT IS FINALLY PRESENTED--THE INSTALLATION

I. THE SCENES--May 1-11, 1984

During the next twelve days and with the help of many friends whom I can never adequately repay, I design and construct an installation within the Pyramid Gallery space which is how I present my thesis project to the people who live in Rochester (and come to view it). The environment measures 41 x 62 x 8 ft. and takes up nearly all the floor space in the gallery (see floor plan, Appendix D). It includes a scaled map of the city limits (1:1000) painted on the floor and a 8 ft.-high semi-transparent plastic curtain (see Appendix E) which winds and turns among forty vertical wires stretched from floor to ceiling. This flexible "barrier" is hung to roughly parallel the city limit. Photographs depicting the scenes, incidents, and exchanges are taped to the outside of the curtain over the location of the actual site on the map. A tape recorder plays back continuously my conversations with people and animals and noisy machines I have met up with during the walkaround. The interior of the "city" displays the other five



ROCHESTER: DOCUMENTED — MAY 1982 - APRIL 1984
PARTIAL VIEW OF INSTALLATION: THE CITY LIMITS OF ROCHESTER
§ SITE DEBRIS COLLECTED FROM (FORMERLY) PETERS PLACE

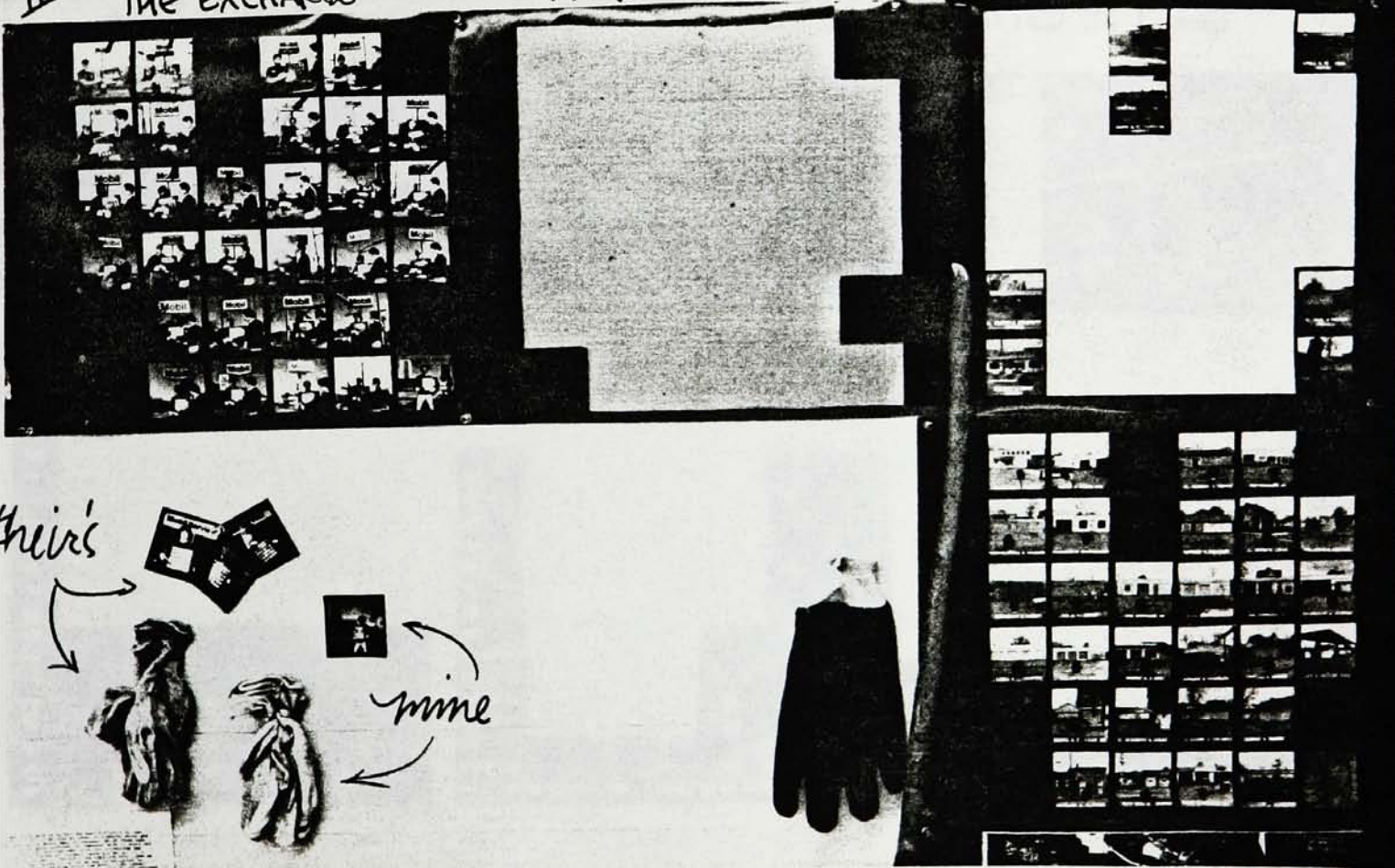


ALL THE MOBIL GAS STATIONS IN ROCHESTER, ALL THE CLOSED GAS STATIONS, &
ALL THE GAS STATIONS CONVERTED TO SOME OTHER BUSINESS ~MAY 1982-SEPTEMBER 1983

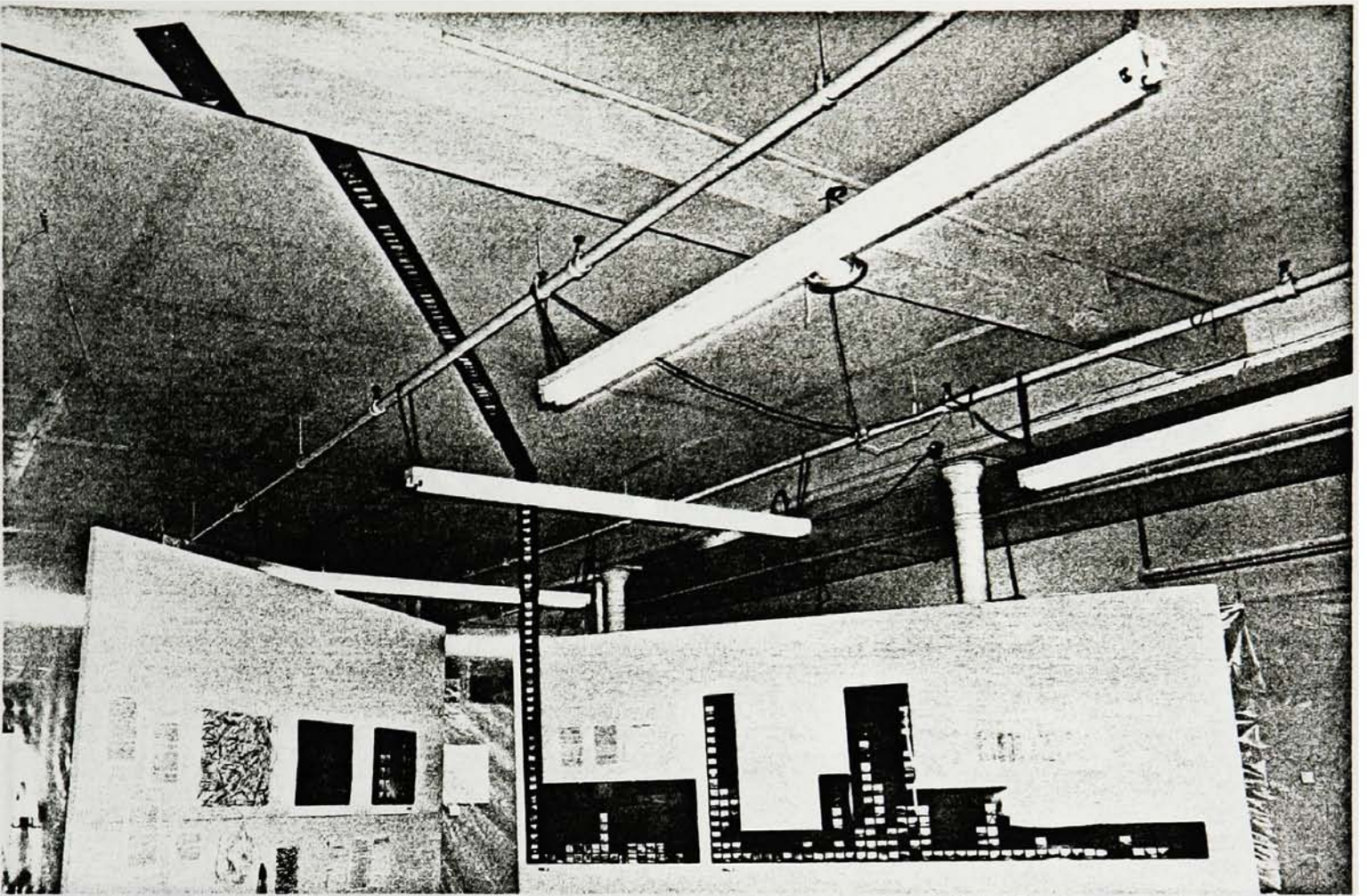
III THE EXCHANGE

A REMNANT

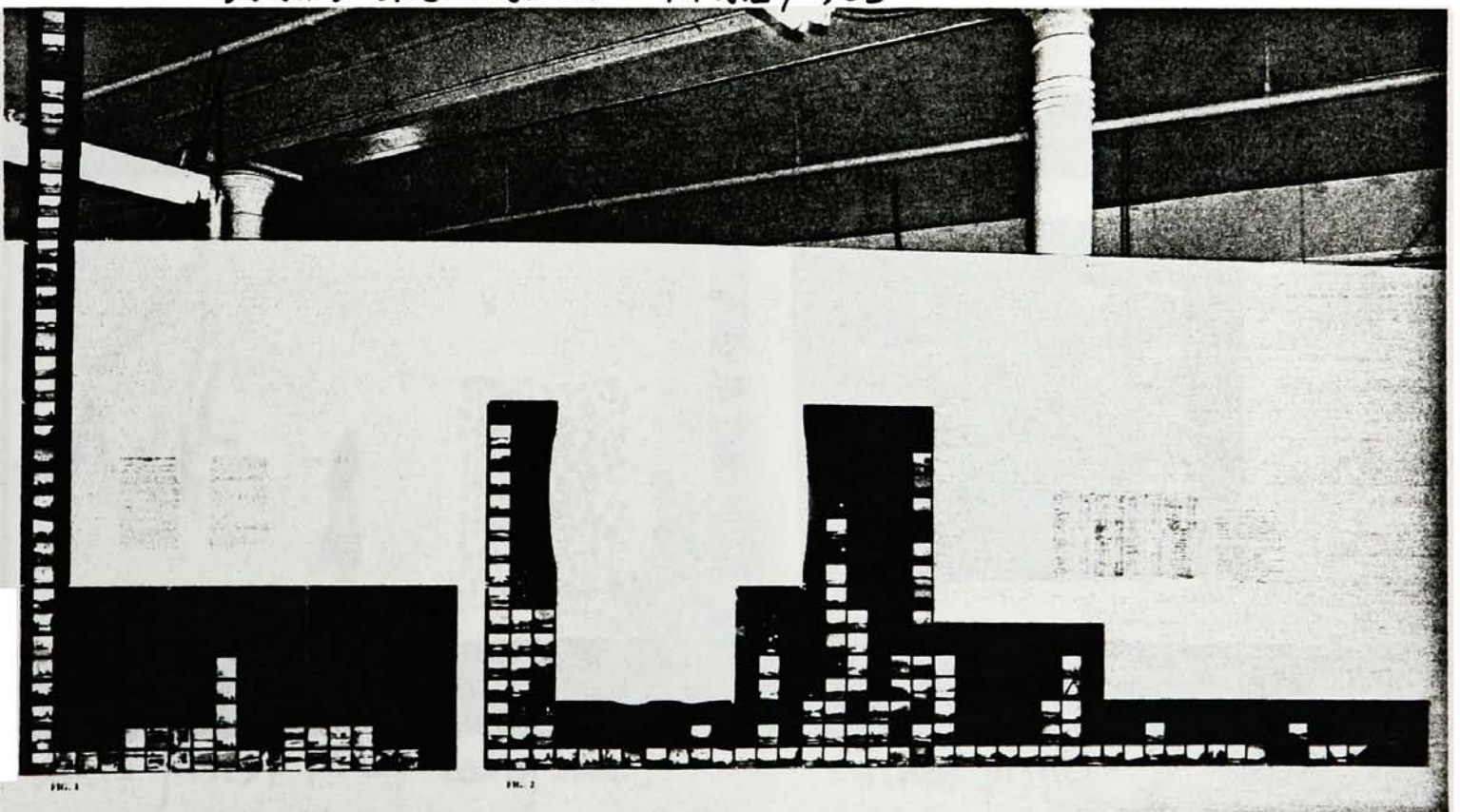
IV CLOSED GAS STATIONS



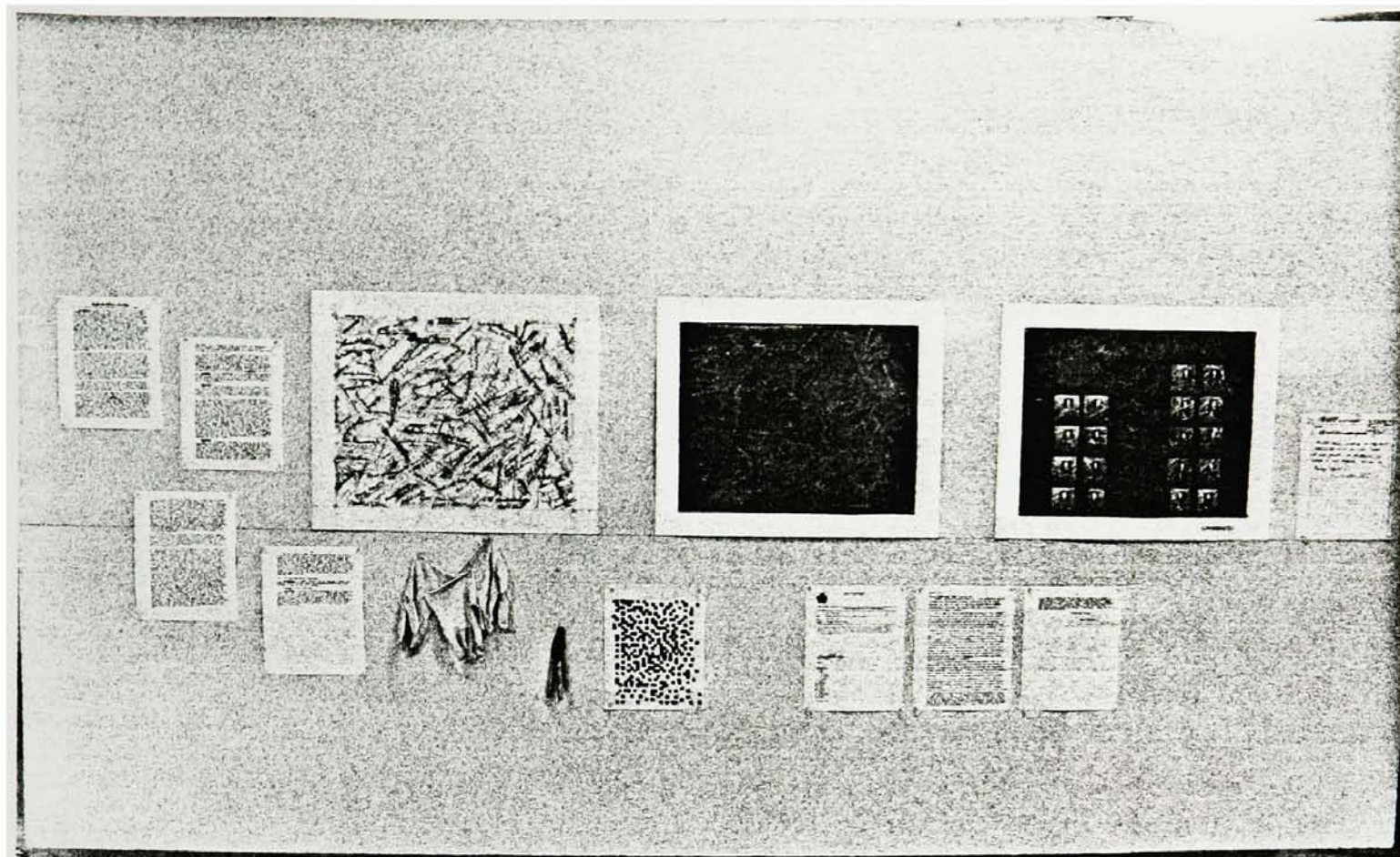
Document IX. Installation view of All the Mobil Gas Stations, all the closed gas stations, and most of the gas stations converted to some other business in the City of Rochester.



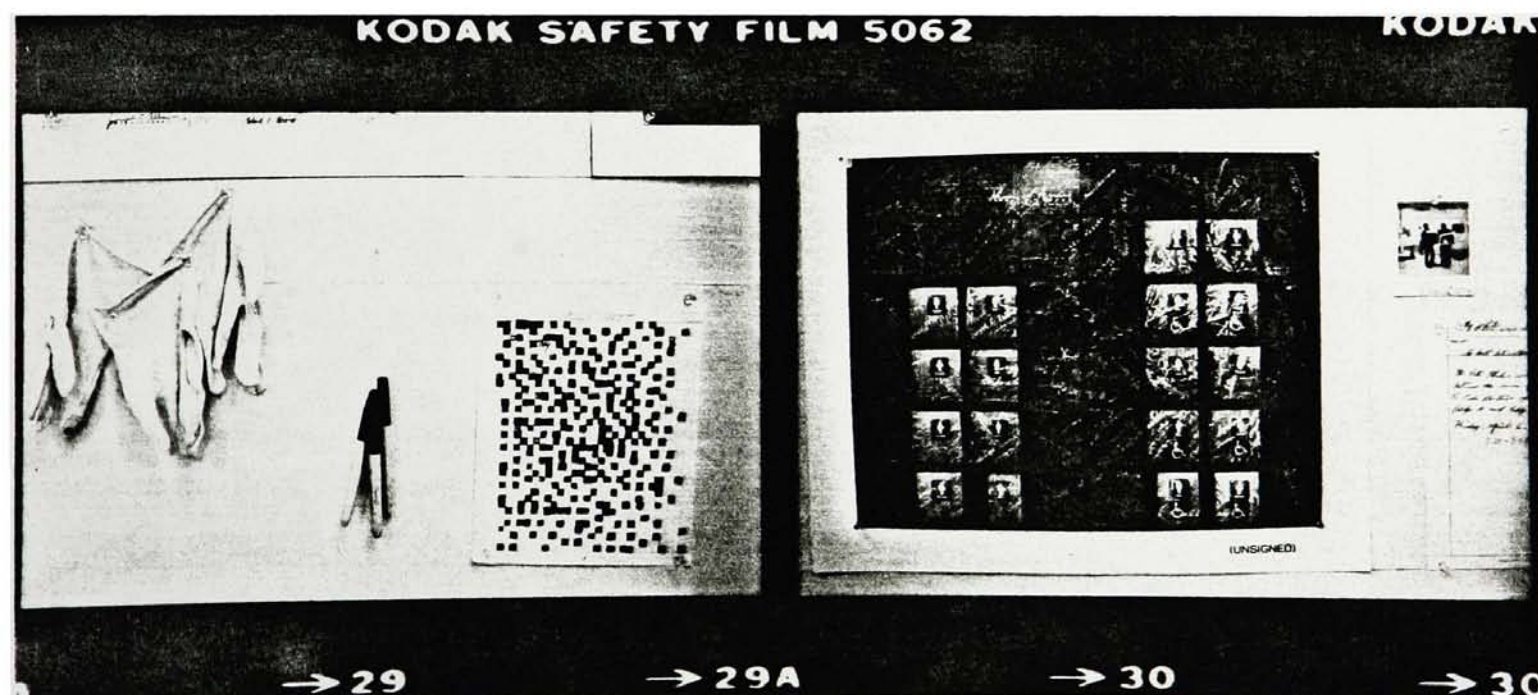
ALL THE PLACES IN ROCHESTER WHERE I WAITED IN LINE
DURING ONE MONTH—APRIL, 1983



Document X. Installation view of All the places in Rochester where I waited in line during the month of April, 1983.



The MEN & WOMEN of City Hall — March 5 - April 6, 1984

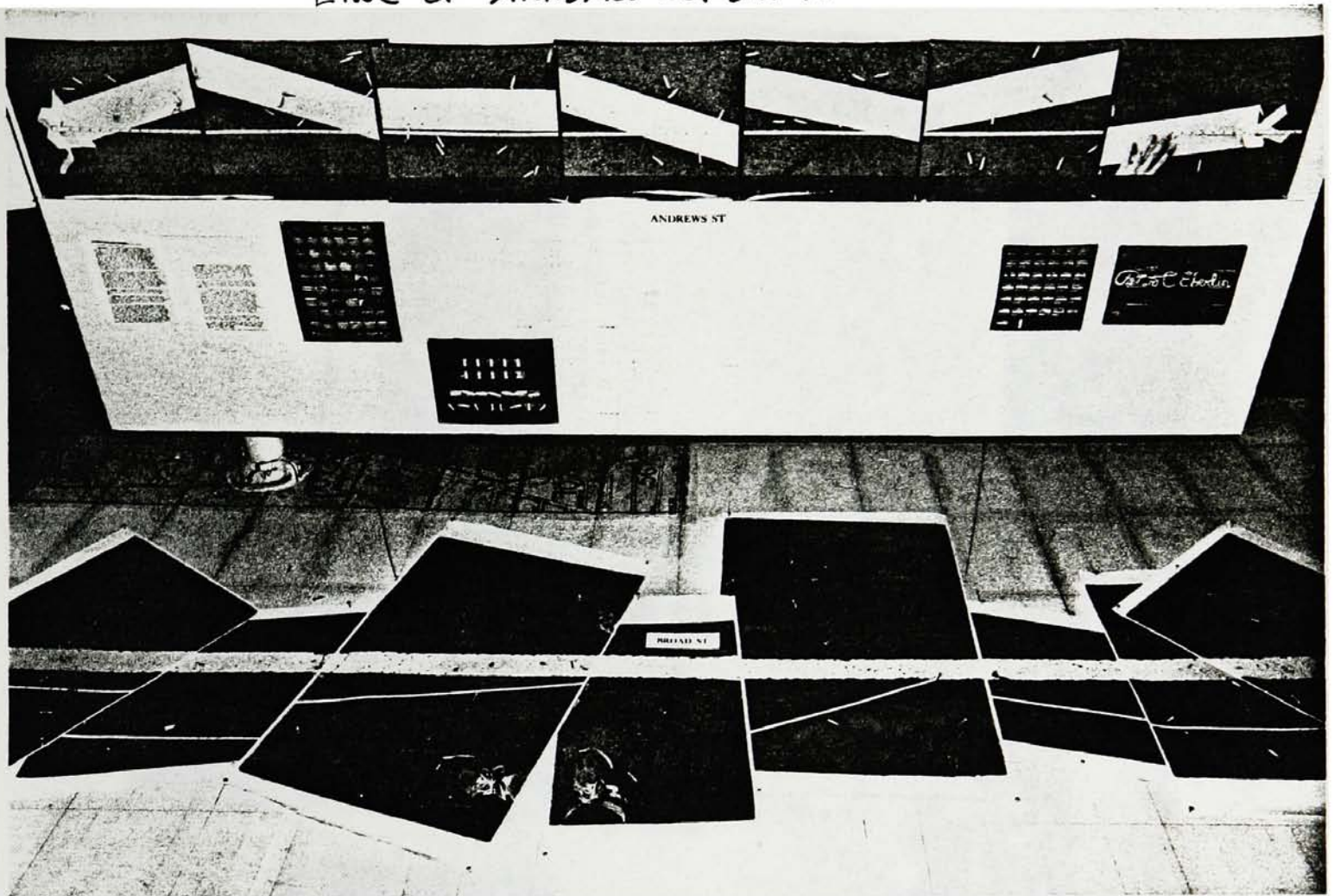


White gloves, pens, tally sheet

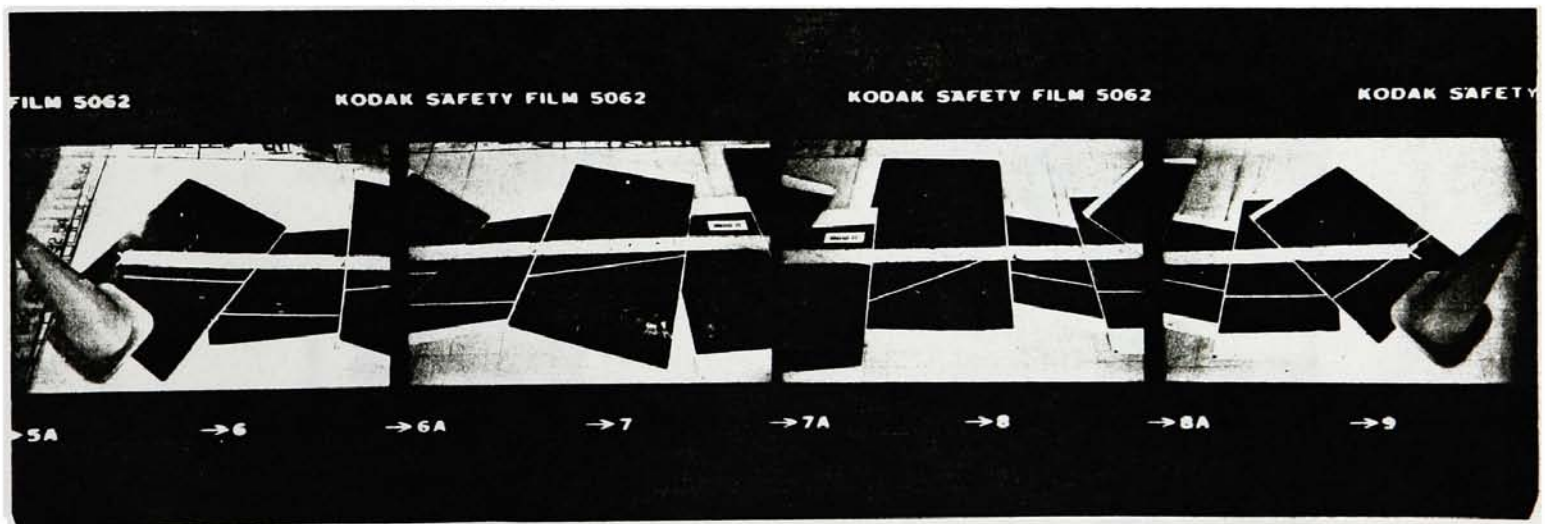
final print

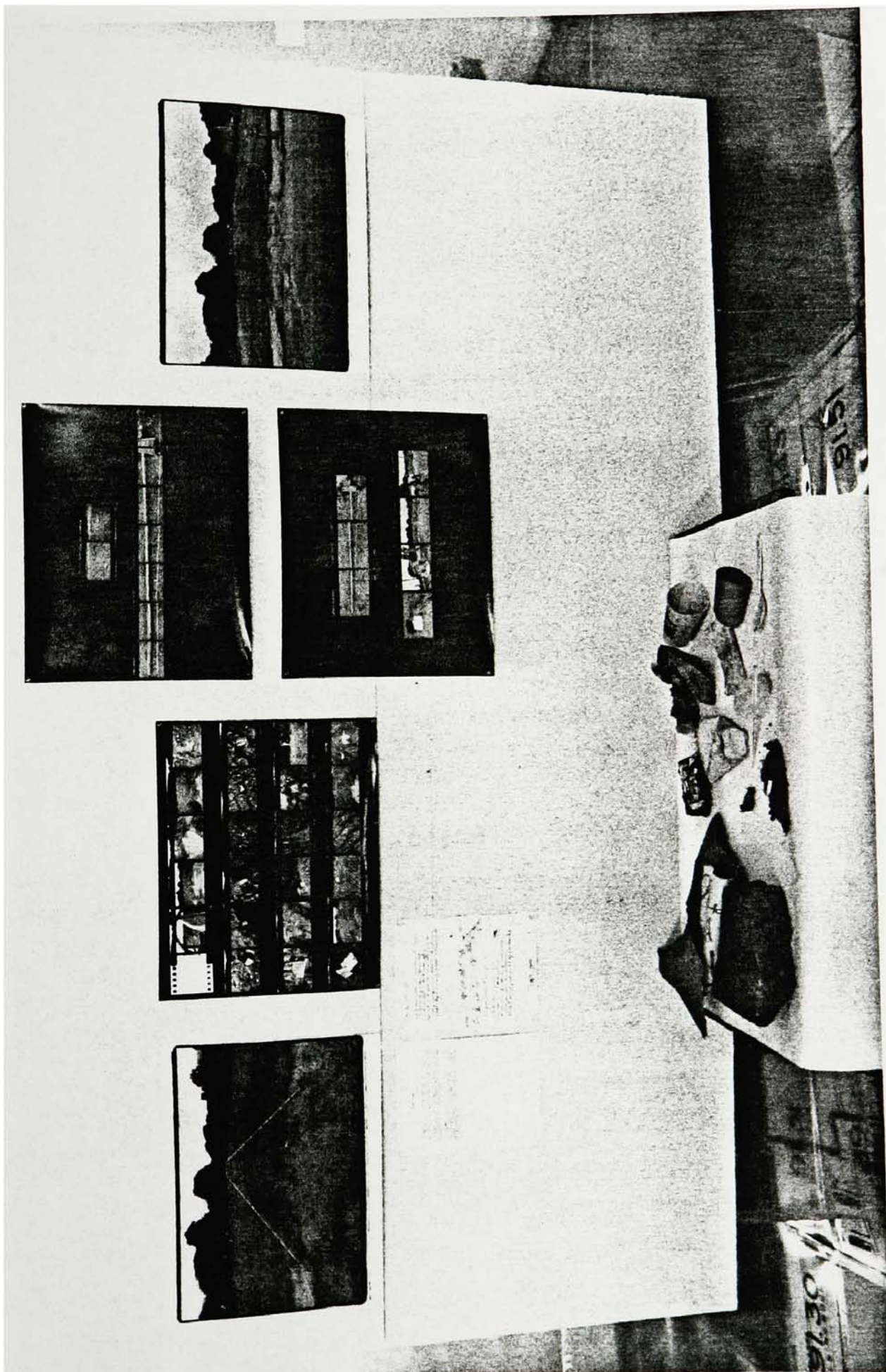
Polaroid of
Exchange between
Mayor Ryan & me.

LINE OF STANDARD LENGTH "A"

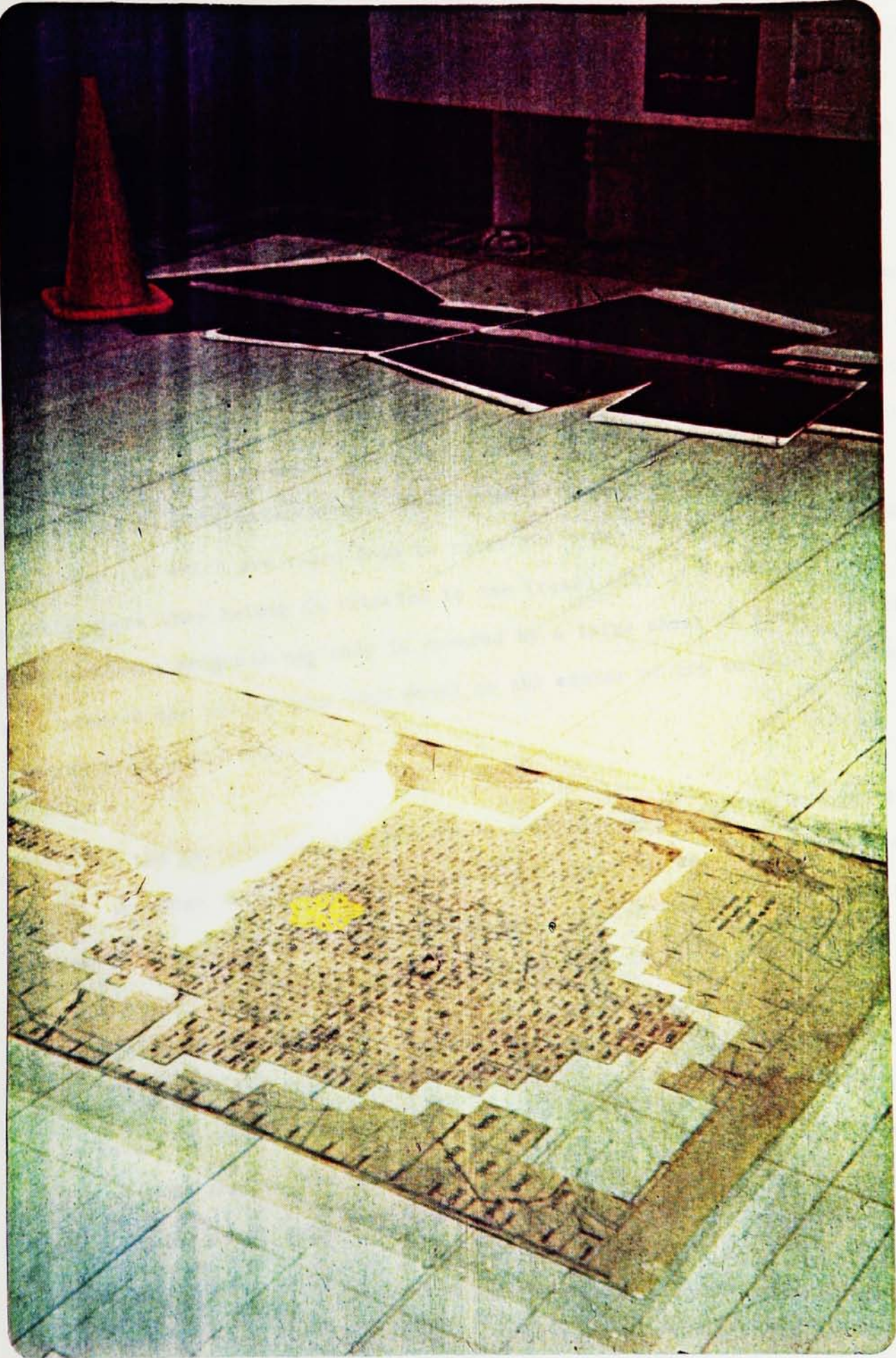


THE STANDARD DOTTED LINES IN ROCHESTER
APRIL 21-22, 1984
LINE OF STANDARD LENGTH "B"





Document XIII. Installation view of Peters Place.



Document XIV. Installation view of Rochester city survey map covered by clear acetate on the floor at the center of the city's interior; city logo at center of map; from color slide.

projects on panels suspended from the ceiling in the same shape as the five-sided city logo. Each piece consists of photographs tacked to the panels, typed "scientific" reports describing the activities, and pertinent objects collected from the sites (see Documents VIII-XIII).

At the very center of the interior is a copy of the original 4 x 5 ft. map of Rochester which I have used to guide myself around the city limits. This map is made up of over 700 1 x 1.5 in. rectangles in a survey-coded grid system. Any of these rectangles (185 total) showing portions of the boundary have been removed and, by photographic enlargement, transformed into 12 x 18 in. Kodalith transparencies which are taped down to cover the edges of the painted floor map exactly where they belong in relation to the (real) City of Rochester. What remains of the original map copy is covered by a large sheet of clear acetate. I have adhered the yellow city logo decal to the center of its surface (see Document XIV and front cover sheet).

Over the gallery upstairs doorway is a traffic light cycling through its paces. Whenever it turns GREEN, a reflective sign that reads: "The City of Rochester Welcomes You" is also illuminated. Viewers are requested to wait for the green light and then to enter and put on white cotton gloves provided at the door. They may then choose to (a) walk around the outside of the plastic curtain to view the City Limits or (b) enter the "city" via a narrow gateway (see Document VII) to the "north" at "Charlotte". Any people involved in the City Limit incidents who come to the Opening are photographed in front of their respective pictures, receiving copies thereof. These Polaroid snapshots of the exchange then become part of the exhibit.



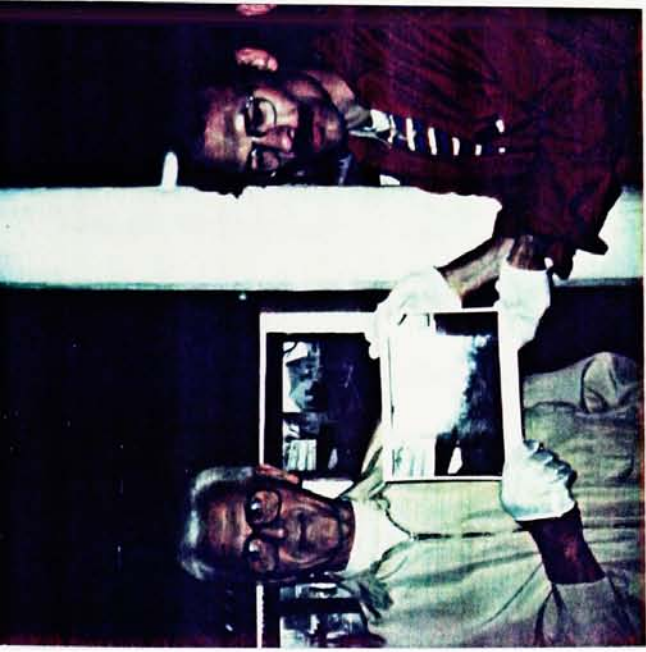
Document XV. Documentation (courtesy of Anthony Petracca) of news (no doubt wire service) suspended over enlarged map (still fresh) of the City of Rochester; from color slide.

II. INCIDENTS--May 4-29, 1984

They also become several of the last set of incidents which have continued to endear the process with color, warmth, and immense joy.

Vignette #1. My helpers and I have just stretched the forty wires tautly between hooks screwed into the ceiling and floor. We realize that we (may) have inadvertently created a lethal trap. An unsuspecting person entering the gallery might be sliced into vertical ribbons by these nearly invisible steel strands. To render the wires visible we (masking)tape whole sheets of newspaper to each at shoulder level. Upon stepping back, we observe an amazing consequence: the news floats in midair over the gridded map of the City of Rochester. We have been working continually for three whole days and it looks so good I personally (almost) wish we could stop right here. Instead we make a(n inadequate) picture (see Document XV) and push on.

Vignette #2. It is approaching 8pm on May 11th and people are already starting to stream into the gallery, expecting to see a finished installation of Rochester: Documented. However, I am still putting up prints! The walkaround photographs are lying on the floor beneath where they should be attached to the plastic curtain. But the spectators, wearing the white gloves, take it upon themselves to bend down and pick up with their hands each of these prints so the accompanying texts can be read. When they are through, the viewers carefully place the pictures back on the floor where they found them. Although this is one of the few unintended results of the thesis project (and one of my other peak levels of anxiety), I'd never admit either to anyone!



Document XVI. Documentation (courtesy of Chris Harrold (5) and Ira Srole (1)) of six (of the seven) Exchanges which take place at the installation site of Rochester: Documented; from Polaroid SX-70 prints.

10-2
2:50 PM May 24, 1983

Vignette #3. Marilyn B. is the protagonist in Incident #24 of the City Limits Walkaround. She is one of the special people I've invited to the Opening Reception so she can receive her print copy. She has bought a new dress for this occasion and has had her hair done (isn't this a past tense of hair do?). However, I can't initiate the exchange "ceremony" immediately as I am distracted by others. But out of the corner of my eye I notice her listening intently to the tape which has preserved the voices and noises of people and animals and machines I have encountered along the city limits. She is listening intently to her own voice in that conversation we have just before she calls the police. She is also grinning.

Vignettes #4-9. One by one I have Chris Harrold (bless his heart) take the Polaroid snapshots of the six special people (including Marilyn B. and Chris H.) who have come to the Opening. Wearing white gloves, they and I hold onto the print I'm giving to them in front of their picture on the plastic curtain. With several of them I get the distinct impression that they would otherwise never venture into this kind of gallery space. I think they are puzzled by their own photographs. The picture of Chris H. (Walkaround Incident #14) and me truly captures our relationship as ex-housemates (see Document XVI).

Vignette #10. Each of the gas station owners has contributed a business card that he has signed and dated. These cards are all glued or pinned in a grid pattern at the right end of the display panel. But a few are missing. Instead of a business card the Wire Wheel II space is occupied by a plastic key chain tag having the shape of a "1". The brother of the owner is at the Opening and introduces himself to me, but I see him for only this brief moment. The next day

as I am cleaning up, I just happen to glance at the business card grid at the right end of the gas station display panel. Something has been changed. Where the Wire Wheel II key chain tag used to be is now a Wire Wheel II business card, signed and dated May 11, 1984, under the key tag which has been neatly replaced in its original position.

Vignette #11. At 2:50pm on May 29, 1984 the last incident of Rochester: Documented takes place. Mayor Thomas P. Ryan, accompanied by a small entourage, enters the Pyramid Art Center gallery. He and his associates (including Sue O'Brien, his administrative assistant) wander in and around my City of Rochester. Then, wearing white gloves, he poses in front of "The MEN and WOMEN of City Hall" and receives from me a copy of that entire piece. Ira Srole (again) documents this final exchange (see Document XVI). Mayor Ryan and I shake hands firmly and then he and his group are gone and it is over.

AFTER THE PROJECT IS FINALLY OVER--A FEW ADDITIONAL NOTES & COMMENTS

(Please persist through these last few additional notes and comments.)

During October of 1984 I hang "The MEN and WOMEN of City Hall" in the Link Gallery of City Hall for all the employees to see and read firsthand the explanatory text. (I understand) they are most interested in finding their signatures on the acetate sheet and photographs derived from this "negative". They are also surprised that the colors of their signature traces have changed in the photographs. The explanation and rationale make them smile.

I am a little disappointed by a couple of ideas: one that I think of (in plenty of time), but doesn't work out, and the other which would have worked out (beautifully) had I thought of it (in time). For several weeks before the Opening I have been planning to ask The Democrat and Chronicle to publish a brief story about my thesis project to inform potential viewers. I also hope to nest within the article a coupon for people to cut out (along a dotted line, for sure) and bring to the Opening. The article is written by Jim Myers and published on the Wednesday before May 11th. However, despite my pleas to have the coupon included, the editors feel I should pay over \$100 (really a scare tactic) for this "advertisement". Needless to say, the article appears sans coupon.

The idea I don't think of until afterward would have made the viewer's participation in the exhibition space that much more compelling and convincing. I should have made Sharpie pens available for the viewer's use on the acetate sheet covering the copy of the city map at the center of the installation. (However, I do recover in time from this omission to make available to you readers these very items. Isn't it obvious by now (if you haven't already) how you should be about to use these very items?)

One last note: I am fortunate to receive a \$1000 LIFT grant just in the nick of time to finance building the installation. Without this money, a realization of my plan for the exhibition might never have been possible. I also receive helping hands from dozens of people during the eight days it takes to (almost) complete the installation. Please find a list of acknowledgments in Appendix F.

CONCLUSION

It has been an extremely good time!

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37. ___. Aperture, op cit, pp. 5, 7-9.
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54. Ironically, while researching the exact page number in Foucault's original text so that the above footnote would be complete, I discover to my delight that the preceding sentence reads:

"A 'system of elements'--a definition of the segments by which the resemblances and differences can be shown, the types of variation by which those segments can be affected, and, lastly, the threshold above which there is a difference and below which there is a similitude--is indispensable for the establishment of even the simplest form of order" p. XX. This is the most concise summary of "system" I've encountered to date (August 5, 1985).

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APPENDIX SECTION

APPENDIX A. NYS Department of Motor Vehicles Registration Information
Request Form.

APPENDIX B. Special Opening Reception Invitation.

APPENDIX C. Written reports which describe the six activities systematically
documenting certain unappreciated, visual and factual aspects of
the City of Rochester.

APPENDIX D. Installation floor plan.

APPENDIX E. Sample of the 4-ml semi-transparent plastic curtain.

APPENDIX F. Acknowledgments.

APPENDIX A

REGISTRATION INFORMATION REQUEST*Fee of \$2.00 (Do not send cash or stamps) for each search.*

**DO NOT USE THIS FORM for
Driver License Information
Use Form MV-15.1**

***PRINT OR TYPE ALL INFORMATION AVAIL-
ABLE AND CHECK INFORMATION REQUEST
RETURN THIS ENTIRE FORM WITH A \$2.00
FEE FOR EACH SEARCH REQUEST.***

THESE BOXES FOR DEPARTMENT USE ONLY

Request Code	Requester			Abstract Code

NAME AND ADDRESS OF REQUESTER

MV-15 (9/77) New York State - Department of Motor Vehicles

PART 2

REGISTRATION INFORMATION REQUEST

<input type="checkbox"/> Name		<input type="checkbox"/> Date of Birth	<input type="checkbox"/> Plate Number
<input type="checkbox"/> Address		<input type="checkbox"/> Year & Make	
<input type="checkbox"/> Motorist Ident. No.		<input type="checkbox"/> Registration Expiration Date	
<input type="checkbox"/> Registration Number if Snowmobile or Motorboat	<input type="checkbox"/> Partner's Name (if any)		
<div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 100px; width: 100%;"></div>		Class of Registration <input type="checkbox"/> Passenger <input type="checkbox"/> Dealer <input type="checkbox"/> Snowmobile <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial <input type="checkbox"/> Trailer <input type="checkbox"/> Motorboat <input type="checkbox"/> Motorcycle <input type="checkbox"/> Other _____	
		<hr/>	

RECEIPT

In the box above please enter complete Name and Address to which this request is to be mailed.

Your File No. _____

FOR CHARGE ACCOUNT CUSTOMERS ONLY
☐ Check or Money Order \$ _____

☐ Charge - \$ _____

Make check payable to the Commissioner
of Motor Vehicles

**INDICATE NAME AND ADDRESS OF ACCOUNT
TO BE CHARGED.**

APPENDIX B

My name is Peter Eberlin
We first met in March of 1983
We met again sometime later that year
At first I only knew your voice
At first you didn't know me at all
I took a photograph of you
This gives me a clear picture of you
I wish to meet with you again
The occasion is the Opening Reception of my
photography exhibition, **Rochester: Documented**
The date is Friday, May 11th after 8 p.m.
The place is the Pyramid Art Center Gallery
163 St. Paul Street, Rochester
I will be honored if you come
You have helped to make this exhibit possible
I wish to express my sincere thanks to you
and to give you a copy of your photograph
Please come
You are invited to the Reception to receive this picture
Bring your family and friends
It will be a good time

APPENDIX C

I. THE SCENES (a): All the Mobil Gas Station (signs) in Rochester
—first weekend in May, 1982

Motivation: I'd become fascinated with the way the Mobil sign at the intersection of Westfall and West Henrietta interacts visually with the traffic light standard in front of it—the vertical post seems to split the big red "O" exactly in half.

Purpose: to see how many other gas station signs visually interact with nearby vertical uprights.

Procedure: call Mobil Corporation in Syracuse; receive an address directory of all Mobil stations in Monroe County (N=93); eliminate all stations outside the Rochester city limits; find locations of those remaining on a map of the city; photograph all signs from the front side which will most likely show some part of the gas station; make all signs appear to be of the same height; stand on a bar stool to eliminate converging verticals even if I must do this in the middle of traffic; record all relevant data; shoot one frame only.

Findings: shooting finished in two days; there are exactly 35 Mobil Gas Stations (MGS) within the Rochester city limits; add one frame for a map showing all the locations and we have a 6 x 6 grid for displaying all the gas station signs at once; some signs are tall, some less tall, some brand new, some old and battered by rock-throwing vandals, some with motor bases—but none turning (city prohibitory ordinance), many with high intensity light fixtures attached, some easy to photograph, some endangering life and limb to photograph (especially the one at S. Goodman and S. Clinton); but only eleven MGS's have signs which visually interact with nearby vertical uprights.

II. THE INCIDENTS (a): All the Mobil Gas Station owners in Rochester standing in front of their respective gas stations
—May 17-18, 1982

Motivation: even though the 36 contacted 2½ squares of Part I do look good, the challenge has not been intense enough—still a little pale.

Purpose: seek human interaction; invite owners to participate.

Procedure: have the owners stand in front of their MGS's; have them wear white gloves (for handling an art object); have them hold the already printed 6 x 6 grid from Part I in one hand and with the free hand point to the picture of their own MGS sign; shoot in exactly the same sequence as Part I, one frame only; the owner to sign the back of the picture of his sign.

Findings: overall, I found incredible cooperation from the owners (or owner reps who substituted the few times I missed the owner); some vignettes:

D. Baris' place (#3)—settle for owner's son—just after the photograph is taken, owner drives up—a real character—to bad no retakes;

G. Tegg's place (#4)—wait over 45 mins for owner to finish explaining to customer why her gas tank has rusted through—begin to question the worth of doing this, of going back to all these gosh dern MGS's.

E. Sharp's place (#6)—turns out to be a real trip—I walk unsuspectingly into the actual foreclosing procedures by the NYS Tax Collectors Dept; Sharp shows up by chance, but is in no mood to be photographed; because this MGS is now closed, my only alternative is to shoot off a blank.

Leo Flick's place (#8)—Leo has been owner of his MGS for 35 years, but times are getting tough.

Mark Fabry's place (#13)—really gets into the whole deal—his MGS is the biggest in Rochester and if Mobil isn't careful, he'll go with some other company.

D. Wilson's place (#22)—only black owner of the bunch; he won't put on the white gloves (now graying), but attendant (a cool dude) saves the day—totally neat guy.

S. Cagnina's place (#23)—the whole clan is there when I arrive; they all want into the act, but owner presides and so this picture looks like all the rest.

R. Wightman & J. Adams' places (#'s 25-26)—this is weird; two MGS's separated by less than 0.2 mile on the same road; both have attendants as stand-ins for the owners.

Harry Kinch's place (#27)—owner more than cooperative; has owned this MGS for five years and is just hanging in there—probably because an ARCO undercutter is right across the street.

#30—owner of this place deceased; must shoot off a blank.

E. Wallach's place (#31)—talk about stick-in-the-muds; owner on vacation, owner's son won't do it, won't let either of his two attendants do it—the only one out of all the MGS's in Rochester; they become a collective blank frame.

R. Mutlu's place (#33)—owner from Turkey, reluctant; "assistant owner" puts on uniform shirt top and substitutes; "Thanks, Umit!"

B. Resnicks's place (#35)—the MGS with no sign—senior attendant complies—"do I have to wear these gloves?" (now very gray) "Yes!"

Peters place (#36)—I don't own Rochester (perish the thought), but I photograph myself standing in front and pointing...

All the shooting is done in two days—the unexpected proves to be sometimes delightful, sometimes tragic, and sometimes angering, but regardless of how the printed grid comes out, I really feel as if I've accomplished something, gotten myself totally immersed.

III. THE EXCHANGE: All the Mobil Gas Station owners in Rochester receiving a picture of themselves from me.

—the month of October, 1982

Motivation: because of the "incredible cooperation" from the owners (or owners' stand-ins) in Part II, I have promised all of them copies of the pictures I have just taken. Therefore, I must return one more time to push human interaction almost to the limit.

Procedure: have the owners stand in front of their MGS signs as close as possible to where the first picture was taken of their sign; have both the owner and the photographer wear white gloves (fresh pairs!); in the same sequence the owner's picture is then

cut out of the photo grid with a razor and after being signed by the artist, handed to each respective owner as this event is photographed by the camera on a tripod, using a self-timer; the photo grid with images diminishing is held by the left hand of the owner and the right hand of the artist while the picture exchange engages hands opposite; shoot one frame only; artist to wear same clothes.

Findings: the same overall incredible cooperation already noted in Part II; the entire series took much longer to finish (almost four weeks) and the process required more intense concentration; because of the time-lag between Parts II & III some of the men I had photographed back in May were no longer around; fortunately, this usually applied to MGS's where I had photographed summer attendant stand-ins, and it seemed "legal" to me to have the owners now back from vacation substitute; some vignettes:

D. Baris' place (#3)—

L. D'Amato's place (#9)—

R. Wightman's place (#25)—all closed.

J. Brongo's place (#5)—he's on extended vacation until November and I know that if I wait that long to resume, there might be snow on the ground; luckily the owner's son is there and proves to be a capable substitute.

Leo Flick's place (#8)—I find him rooting around under a truck; "How's things going?" "Awful!" is his reply; the economy is closing in on him, too, and he is sad to have lost his buddy down the street, L. D'Amato, to hard times; but he is glad I remembered to come back to give him his picture.

T. Fabry's place (#13)—he's let his hair grow much longer and has grown a full beard, but he's doing well and is delighted to pose one more time in front of the camera.

Hyman Sniderman's place (#16)—they have a brand new MGS sign.

F. Mazzola's place (#24)—across from the famed Donut Delite shop where I have been reading about performance art and consuming two donuts and coffee while awaiting the owner; finally he returns and while I'm setting up, who should drive up but Caroline who used to live next door—she's just come back from Detroit and is looking for an apartment in the area.

J. Adams' place (#26)—the attendant I had previously photographed pointing at the MGS sign back in May has gone off to college in Florida, but the flakey owner is present as well as his girl-friend—he is suspicious at first, but gets real interested when I outline the details of my project; his girl-friend: "So you're at RIT. Do you know Agnes Stokes? You're one of her classmates? I'm her new roommate!" Two small worlds in one day!

R. Mutlu's place (#33)—a real downer after such an upper morning; Umit is not there today and the Turkish owner is still reluctant; his three attendants side with him—they are all sensitive about having their pictures taken (from them); finally, after 45 mins of pleading with the owner, his wife arrives and sympathetically intercedes ("it's OK now, OK?"); I breathe a sigh of relief and get one of the attendants to step in so the picture could be delivered to Umit who substituted for the owner in May; a real close call for being so near the end!

B. Resnick's place (#35)—Jim, the attendant I photographed in May, is in the garage; he is as glad to see me as I him; he'd get the picture he remembers I have promised him and I am finally going to get finished; he moves some of his vehicles to make the station more visible; still doesn't have a sign—says the city owes it to him; I am so excited to be done I forget to focus or even to check thru the viewfinder.

Peters place (#36)—me presenting self with a picture of self in front of Rochester; previous site under construction, so choose one nearby; FINI—I can finally change into different clothes!

Ha! Just when I am thinking it's Miller Time, another little light bulb goes on.

IV. THE SCENES (b): All the Closed-up Gas Stations in Rochester
—the months of October & November, 1982

Motivation: too dumb to know better, to know when enough's enough; fascination time again: as I am driving around to photograph all the MGS's and their owners, I begin to notice other former gas stations which are now defunct; furthermore, by the time I conclude Part III, six MGS's are among those that have been boarded up.

Purpose: to find and photodocument as many closed gas stations as possible in the city of Rochester.

Procedure: neither the city fire dept. nor the vacant buildings dept. have any kind of directory; therefore, drive around and spend oodles of hours and gasoline and money just looking; it seems that just when my luck is about to run out or it's getting too dark to shoot, I discover a new clump of old, rundown, boarded-up gas stations; Portland Ave and Genesee St are particularly good "digs" (I do sometimes feel I am on an archeological expedition); photograph all closed-up gas stations from the front to reveal as much of the facade as possible; get back on top of that bar stool to reduce converging verticals; place a black glove on a stick about eight feet from the camera; make sure the building is in the middle of the frame and the outline of the glove is in only the lower portion of the picture; photograph with black & white film on cloudy days; more than one frame per station is OK because we are dealing with an open system of closed gas stations!

Findings: can you believe it! I find exactly 35 closed gas stations in Rochester—the same as the number of Mobil Gas Stations. Most are concentrated in the older and poorer sections of the city. Some obviously have been there a long time; others actually closed during the months of my search; probably at the time of this writing there are more; don't let anyone from Washington tell you we're shaking the recession. The architecture of these closed stations is captivating, especially of the archaic ones; the stations begin to take on a kind of beauty I didn't expect; the black glove and its overtones are beginning to bother me; these may be historic monuments; perhaps they should be preserved; they certainly are well-built...and that facade is interesting: shiny square panels, one small entrance for people and two or three garage doors to the repair bays; it's especially intriguing when I find stations that look exactly the same; and I recommend a viewing of the one at the corner of N. Union and Lewis!

V. THE INCIDENTS (b): A Progress Report for All Mobil and/or Closed-up Gas Stations in Rochester

—the months of September & October, 1983

Motivation: I can't help it; my attention remains riveted; my curiosity is still peaking; the more I drive around Rochester on errands or just to see more of the city, the more I notice that all sorts of changes are occurring to many of the gas stations (both open and closed) that I have already photographed; I even discover additional closed stations (Exxon has just ended leases on most of its city services) and recently razed gas station properties where new structures are being erected; the scene is changing at such a frantic pace I can hardly keep up (and am less sure I want to).

Purpose: to make a final inventory at least one year later of changes to each of the gas stations I previously photographed in the city of Rochester.

Procedure: depending on the present condition of the gas station to be photographed, to use procedures employed before for both open and closed stations:

(a) if still closed or still operating as a Mobil Gas Station, shoot off a blank to indicate nothing has changed; have Mobil owners sign the backs of the original pictures produced in Part I, thereby bringing to a close our photographic relationship;

(b) if newly closed, photograph with black glove on stick as in Part IV;

(c) if previously closed and recently razed, photograph in black and white from the original camera position and note new business or function;

(d) if previously closed and recently reopened as some other business or as an independent gas station or even as Mobil again, photograph in color from atop the bar stool with the owner directly in front of the view which best indicates what change has occurred; have him or her wear white gloves and point at the picture of the closed building, being sure to cover with a finger tip the image of the black glove;

(e) if recently dropped by Mobil and purchased outright by the original owner such that the gas station never closed, but simply changed hands, photograph in color from atop the stool with the owner in front, pointing with white gloves at the picture of his former Mobil Gas Station.

Visit all sites formerly photographed in their original order; this implies two new grids and lots more driving around Rochester (bleah!); from the new owners collect business cards signed and dated and find out which oil company closed the station or terminated its lease as well as when it reopened; also explain to the owners that they will receive a print of their picture on an invitation to the opening reception next May; this remaining correspondence will constitute the next EXCHANGE.

Findings: this part is by far the most difficult to complete; to keep it all in my head at once; to remember which gas stations to photograph which way; to remember which frame corresponds with which grid location; to remember when to shoot off a blank; to obtain all the business cards and signatures and dates and times and former oil company names and so on; it is very rewarding to return to the Mobil Gas Stations still open as such and to have the owners recognize me and be delighted to spend more time with me chatting about how Mobil (like Exxon) is now pulling out the rug and tenants not pumping 50,000 gallons/month will lose their stations; most, realizing that they are unable to compete with the STOP 'N GO MINI Market concept, are planning to buy from Mobil the stations they have been leasing and to set up repair businesses; folks, the classic gas service station will very shortly be a dinosaur of the past!

In my search I notice several categories of changes:

- (1) originally opened as Mobil, then becomes independent (same building, still a gas station, not Mobil (N=4));
- (2) opened as Mobil, then becomes some other business (same building, but not as a gas station (N=4));
- (3) opened as Mobil, then closes (and stays that way (N=4));
- (4) opened as Mobil, then closes, later reopens as Mobil (N=2);
- (5) originally closed, then reopens as an independent gas station (N=2);
- (6) closed, then reopens as some other business (N=7);
- (7) closed, then is razed and replaced by some other structure (N=4);
- (8) appeared "closed", then opens visually as what it is (N=2).

In addition, twenty-one Mobil Gas Stations are still the way they have been since I first photographed their signs in May of 1982 (however, at least a half dozen are imminently in danger of having leases canceled by Mobil and are just hanging on; in one case—P. Bogaski's place (#17)—the tenant is paying Mobil \$1/month to hold the station until conversion to independent status, but is prohibited from pumping gas). Fourteen of the closed gas stations first photographed in Oct. & Nov. of 1982 are still boarded up. Seven newly closed gas stations have appeared, most as a result of Exxon's pullout of Rochester. Since these pictures have been made, the Mobil station at University & Culver has reopened as Mobil; the newly closed Exxon station at Grand & Culver has reopened as Taylor (at least their third conversion in the area—they're the ones with the happy smile ☺); the newly closed Exxon station at Portland & Norton has been razed and replaced by a Convient Food Mart.

Some vignettes from Part V, Panel A:

#'s 3, 9, & 25—all reopen as independent gas stations or as some other business; interestingly, JAMRO (#9) is owned jointly by James and Rosalee (both holding the panel of closed gas stations), who are also the proud owners of the only authentic Pegasus sign in the City of Rochester; I try to make arrangements to borrow it for my exhibition, but they say it weighs 400 lbs and will be permanently afixed to the roof of their gas station.

#6—now owned by Ed Annechino who also runs the used car business across Lyell Ave; he has bought Eddie Sharp's place only because he knows Mobil will be withdrawing and wants to have the building for his own repair service; very suspicious of my intentions at first and even after I describe much of my project, needs 24 hrs to think it over; next day he OK's one of his attendants to stand in for him.

#'s 18, 20, & 23—all three owners have become independent after having lost their Mobil leases; the sign posts are still standing, but the Mobil signs have been removed from atop; a strange sight, these nameless businesses.

#31—E. Wallach's place: I am obligated by my project "rules" to pay a last visit to every MGS and although I know "stick-in-the-mud" will say "No" again, I must still ask; "...what was that you said?...you said, 'Yes, if it doesn't take too long'...well, then everything's ready and I'm all set...just step over near your sign...right there...I just have to climb onto my stool...keep pointing at the black glove in the picture.. click! ..we've done it!" I thank him profusely and wish his business continued prosperity—he has no fear of a Mobil pullout because he owns his station; his is the last picture of a Mobil Gas Station.

Some vignettes from Part V, Panel B:

#'s 2&15—are still being reconstructed at the time of picture-taking; #2 is now the State Street Quik Stop and #15 is M.L. Caccamise Electric Co.

#8—another close call; from introducing myself and my intentions to woman property owner (not shown) to taking the picture spanned over a week; owner at first adamantly opposed; I write a letter to her explaining everything; during the World Series I patronize her bar (to watch the game on color TV), which is next door to the building I wish to photograph; she sees me and says "Anyone who wants to take a picture as badly as you do can take a picture"...and that's how it happened.

#'s 14 & 18—I'm embarrassed to admit that I photographed these old gas station buildings as "closed" in Part IV when they were actually open and used for storage; the owners were glad to prove to me that they were open.

#'s 19 & 24—along with #11 from Panel A—goes to prove that the gas service station is no longer a bastion of male domination.

A confession: the pictures in Panel B were not taken in the order of Part IV, Panel B (even though the frame numbers correspond); the signatures identify the order; to have been that precise would have required more perseverance than I ever could have mustered at that stage (exhaustion) of the project.

VI. THE SCENES (c) & THE INCIDENTS (c): Almost All the Former Gas Stations in Rochester Which Have Been Converted into Some Other Business

—August 19-September 15, 1983

Motivation: the idea for this last part actually popped in to my head over a year ago: I am driving along E. Main St toward Winton Rd for a rendez-vous with another closed gas station when splashes of color catch my eye off to the right; I slow down enough to notice a small separate store with the sign K40 RADAR painted near its roof; upon returning, I pass this place again to get a good look—by golly, this building must have been an old gas station; it has the classic design of two bay doors (still functional), one small door (customer entrance), and a picture window with neon proclaiming RADIOS...REPAIRS; a small sign showing through the glass of the customer entrance is painted in day-glow pink; four letters spell OPEN.

Purpose: to find and photodocument in Rochester as many of the former gas stations converted to some other business as possible.

Procedure: for the last time (I promise), drive around the streets of Rochester just looking for the "disguised" gas station template: 2-3 bay doors, one human entrance door, and the picture window—but no gas pumps in front and a sign for some other business on its facade; once a "find" is discovered, obtain owner's permission for the picture-taking; for the place to look open and worked in, have the owner stand outside near the front door with perhaps one or more of the bay doors raised as well; me atop the bar stool (now very wobbly); frame the building as in Parts IV & V; shoot one exposure only; from the owners obtain signatures and business cards, signed and dated, as well as approximate year of the station's conversion, plus the name of the last gasoline company to own the building; invite them all to the May exhibition reception; as in Part V their EXCHANGE will also come through the mail.

Findings: by the time I have finished photographing the 35 closed gas stations in Part IV, I have noted the sites of 26 formerly closed stations now converted into some other business; I am aiming for the magic number of 35, but this figure is quickly surpassed; if we reach 48 we'll just fill up a 16x20 print; well, there are more than 48, but that's where I stop—this is known as drawing the final line; almost unequivocally, the owners are sincerely cooperative both in posing in front for the picture of their establishment and in releasing their signatures and other requested information; only four (#'s 2, 5, 24, 29) refuse to pose in front; ironically, the owner of "K40 RADAR" is the next-to-last to be photographed—he has been on vacation over the summer (in fact, I fear at first that his business has closed); he's extremely stubborn (like me) and if he's gonna do it at all, he wants the light to be right and the photo, good; I must catch him at 10 AM opening time before he's busy with customers; I do and the (good) picture joins all the rest.

As a footnote to the ongoing changes of our time involving gas stations in Rochester, at this writing three businesses in converted gas station buildings have closed; they are Professional Car Care on Lyell Ave, Rose's International Restaurant on Genesee St, and Wilson's Food & Video at Hudson & Nash. Signs of the times rushing by and leaving only skeletons as traces.

FINAL CONCLUSION:

The process of putting together the images which started out as "All the Mobil Gas Stations in Rochester" has taken until now one year and ten months. Demands on my concentration and perseverance have been great, but in the end satisfaction gained from the final accomplishment has been far greater. My sincerest thanks and appreciation to all the gas station owners and attendants and new business owners and assistants without whose support and cooperation this piece could never have been completed. Finally, he who has read all these pages deserves a medal!

THE CITY LIMITS OF ROCHESTER

I. THE SCENES—March 11-16, 1983

Motivation: "Setting up situations where climbing offers rational rewards is simply an intellectual pose;...it is obvious that elevation, steepness, and distance have been conquered on most of the world's major mountains...What is left is style: the disciplining of a natural human act into a satisfying, precise ability. At the heart of the climbing experience is a constant state of optimistic expectation"—Galen Rowell

from "Storming a Myth"

"The puzzle factor represents another enticing facet of the [climbing] experience...However, the intellect is bound inseparably with instinct and physical skill, and cannot operate in arid academic isolation...We find ourselves inspecting a potential route intellectually, and then suddenly 'feeling' the climb in its entirety..."—John Gill

from "Bouldering: A Mystical Art Form"

On the way back from RIT along East River Road toward the city, I round a gentle bend to the right to enter a long straightaway. At the end of this straight stretch the road curves more sharply to the left, forcing me to slow down. To my right is Genesee Valley Park and a golf course. The Genesee River is winding and turning on my left. The colors are grays and muted browns and greens. It is Winter and the leaves are down. The late afternoon is becoming early evening. My headlights are on. Just before entering the sharp left curve, I must dodge several potholes—it is obvious the surface of the road has changed as I must have gone from one district into another. The headlights illuminate a sign up ahead; it is an iridescent blue-green with white letters—quite a contrast to the wintry colors of its surround. The sign says: "The City of Rochester Welcomes You—All-America City". I realize I must have passed this sign dozens of times, but not noticed or paid any attention to it. But now at this moment I am fully aware of its presence, and that I am entering the City of Rochester—but the city is nowhere to be seen!...just rural countryside as the setting for the golf course and bordering forests. But this is where and how it gets started—how I become fascinated with these signs: what they are, what they say, what they mean, and where they are located.

Obviously, there are more; I begin to notice them wherever I "enter" the city—almost as a gateway. But it is the way they stand out, the way they rivet my attention the same way MOBIL has. Drawing an imaginary line connecting all these signs would probably inscribe a fairly good approximation of the city boundary. I decide to do this.

Purpose: to photodocument the city limits of Rochester only from locations where I can be sure the scenes to be photographed are really in Rochester; to leave some sort of trace which will demarcate at least temporarily an otherwise invisible boundary line; and lastly, to locate and photograph for the city as many survey/bench marks as possible that lie on the city limits.

Procedure: Using both the City Charter, pp. 8-22, and a copy of an official city map (Exhibit 6A & 6G, Modular Units) as guides, hike around the city limits of Rochester; start on the shore of Lake Ontario at the "Point of Beginning", as described in the charter; conduct the activity on consecutive days until coming back around to the point of origin (but it is OK to return home at night); walk in the counterclockwise direction suggested by the increasing order of "Thence #'s" in the City Charter; call these #'s THENCE MARKS; attach a portable cassette recorder to my belt and recite the details of the next thence mark at each directional change along the city boundary (for example, "Thence 41 Westerly, making an exterior angle of $121^{\circ}46'18''$ with course (40), a distance of 2,294.33 feet to a point."); start the activity on the day after a substantial snowfall so that my footprints will remain as temporary traces of the city limit; be as accurate as possible: carry a compass, a 50' measuring tape, and a protractor device for sighting angles; keep an eye out for fences, rows of utility poles, trees, and bushes, pavement changes in streets, roads, and highways, old paths and trails, etc as clues; photograph in color only those scenes that I am positive are within the City of Rochester; stand on a bar stool so that the view down onto the land is maximized; photograph in black & white the survey/bench marks that I happen to locate.

Findings: The hike around Rochester is started at 12:35 PM on March 11th of 1983 and concludes after six days of walking and climbing fences at 5:25 PM on March 16th. On the day before the start Rochester receives 3-5" of wet snow. The way the Winter has gone so far, I fear this might be the last of the white stuff; the decision to GO is made early in the AM of the 11th. After assembling as much gear as I think I'll need, I set off in my car toward Lake Ontario, only to find that snow at the lake shore has not been sticking; green grass is everywhere. But I have committed myself to begin...and I do.

Here are my observations: at that time there are only 82 locations where I can be sure what I photograph is within the City Limits of Rochester. These locations are where the signs (you guessed it) have been placed at the intersection of the city boundary and most streets, roads, and highways. They are always on the side of the pavement for drivers, bike riders, or pedestrians entering the city to see; frequently, in the opposite direction signs for the surrounding towns are positioned. I photograph 81 signs which read either "The City of Rochester Welcomes You" (white on blue; N=70) or simply "The City of Rochester" (white on green; N=11—these are on state highways). (I miss the one at the city limit and E. Henrietta Rd.—the boundary paralleling the barge canal goes under the road bridge and that's where I go, not ever considering what may exist above—sorry, my only lapse.) Under 25 of the city limit signs are attached smaller additions which read "All-America City"—apparently an acknowledgment of having won this award in 1980-81. All the white-on-green signs are the same size; the blue ones are either 3x4' or, more recently to save bucks, 2x3'. Most sit atop two posts (N=55) at about six feet. I stand on my stool at whatever distance tends to equalize the sign size differences in

the viewfinder of my camera. I make one exposure for each scene; a flash attachment is used to illuminate the sign, especially in back-lighting situations. Some of the signs are made even more interesting by strategically placed graffiti. Some have been strafed by BB's or bullets; others seem brand-new. The one at E. River Road is missing when I arrive at that point.

All the exposed film is developed and printed as a 2-page grid of 82 images (including a blank for the one I omitted). The "glowing" blue or green signs show the same contrast with the landscape as I observed when I first noticed the sign on E. River Road. However, as in the case of that initial observation, nary a sign (NPI) of what I'd expect the City of Rochester to look like is visible in any of these pictures—no tall buildings, clogged avenues, or bustling pedestrians; only suburbia or woods or occasional industrial complexes.

Just the first three row of images (from Day 1 and the morning of Day 2) show my footprints in the snow near the bases of the signs. Thereafter, it is mostly road or sidewalk pavement changes that indicate where the city boundary lies. Curiously, in the last three rows the sign becomes a rudimentary sundial, casting a shadow which swings around the bottom of each successive frame from right to left. These pictures all look south from Irondequoit into the city.

Searching for the survey markers on the city limits is not very rewarding, but this activity does seem to legitimize my being in residents' backyards when they ask me what I am doing there. And in fact, I do present to Bob Owen of Precise Survey in City Hall copies of all the pictures I have taken of these markers, for which he is indeed thankful. For the record, during my hike around Rochester, I find and photograph 24 official survey markers (geodetic copper bench marks, RCS stone monuments, and NYS triangular cement posts) and ten steel or wood boundary stakes, often topped with a plastic day-glo pink or orange sash.

Together all the pictures look great (to me) and I appreciate my own accomplishment of having trekked around the entire city; it was truly an adventure just trying to keep as close to the boundary line as possible. (I highly recommend the walk along the city limits through Tryon Park; a path actually coincides with the boundary for most of the way—and the woods are magnificent; lots of ups and downs; great views of Irondequoit Bay.) But just to come back with the sign pictures as evidence—I am not satisfied; too much intellect and not enough of "feeling the [walk-around] in its entirety". Oh, I feel it OK, but do the pictures show what I feel? When I listen to the tape recording of my thence mark announcements, I am reminded of all the incidental meetings I have had with people along the way. This material gives me an idea which may add a little more substance to the walk-around activity.

II. THE INCIDENTS—April 9–November 14, 1983

Motivation: I feel the human quality is lacking in the photographed scenes of Rochester; furthermore, although what is in the background behind each sign is the result of pure chance, the process is too tight and too predictable. Adding a human or at least animate element should help.

Purpose: to photodocument the people, animals, objects, or Mobil structures that I have encountered by chance along the city limits back in March and whose sounds or utterances have been preserved on my recording tape.

Procedure: (Oh, why do I make things so difficult for myself?) Listen to the recording tape and make note of all conversations, sounds, and noises not related to my announcements of successive thence marks; pinpoint these events on a map of the city limits; return to the place of each incident (by automobile is OK) and search for the person or animal or object which has made a contribution to my tape recording; photograph in black & white the person, animal, or structure with both the city limit and Rochester in the background; continue with this procedure until all the incidents have been photographed in their original order; the end will be reached when I make a picture of myself back at the Point of Beginning; inform all the people of what I intend to do with the photographs and personally invite them to my gallery show in May of 1984; assure them they will each receive an invitation during the middle of April and a copy of the picture I have just made at the opening reception.

Findings: Almost all the people are extremely cooperative once I have done a little explaining (in a few cases, alot). Taking pictures of them is a snap (in a few cases, it is necessary to take two). Most wonder why I would ever walk all the way around the city. Several of the incidents become real epics, which are described in detail with the respective pictures under "Comments". I make as many as eight pictures in a single day; I go as long as 81 days without making a picture because I am unable to find the next person on my list who I have encountered back in March. In six instances I never do locate the person or persons and must give up; I make a photograph of the scene of these incidents anyway to keep the records straight. All in all, this part has been most fulfilling and has preserved clear and fond memories I shall never forget.

III. THE EXCHANGE—May 11, 1984 8 PM

Motivation: These people and owners of animals whom I have now met at least twice along the City Limits of Rochester have been so incredibly cooperative and congenial with me that I feel compelled to repay them in some way.

Purpose: to invite each of the people involved in the Incidents above to the Opening Reception of my show and to present there to each of them a signed copy of his or her picture(s) as an expression of my gratitude.

Procedure: Make and send special invitations to the addresses of each of the people I have met and photographed along the Rochester City Limits. Print extra 8x10 copies of these photographs. At the reception present the photographs to the invitees as they arrive. Have the recipient wear white gloves; wear white gloves myself. Have a third person photograph the exchange in front of the picture of corresponding incident with a Polaroid camera and color film. As a final gesture place the Polaroid snapshot next to or under the incident photograph to conclude the activity.

CITY LIMITS OF ROCHESTER

Data Summary

<u>Day #</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Start</u>	<u>Finish</u>	<u>Total Time</u>	<u>Distance</u>
1	March 11	12:35 PM	5:33 PM	4 hrs 58 mins	4.86 miles
2	March 12	11:56 AM	6:15 PM	6 hrs 19 mins	6.20 miles
3	March 13	11:10 AM	7:00 PM	7 hrs 50 mins	12.88 miles
4	March 14	1:20 PM	4:45 PM	3 hrs 25 mins	2.95 miles
5	March 15	10:43 AM	6:09 PM	7 hrs 26 mins	6.17 miles
6	March 16	9:54 AM	5:25 PM	7 hrs 31 mins	11.24 miles
				<hr/>	<hr/>
				37 hrs 29 mins	44.30 miles
				Average Speed = 1.19 mi/hr	

CITY LIMITS OF ROCHESTER

Objects Carried Around Rochester

<u>Object</u>	<u>Purpose</u>
Knapsack	Carry everything else
Bar stool	Stand on to photograph each scene
Bungi cords (2)	Lash bar stool onto knapsack
Cameras, 35 & 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Photograph scenes & survey markers
Film, 35 & 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Document scenes & survey markers
Light Meter	Measure light
Electronic Flash	Illuminate scenes & survey markers
Batteries, charged	Energize electronic flash
Map & City Charter	Locate & stay on City Limits
Rubber band	Keep map tidy when not needed
Compass	Find magnetic north
Protractor device	Measure interior angles
50-ft tape & 12-inch rule	Measure short & shorter distances
Tape recorder	Record voice announcements of thence marks
Cassette tape	Document voice announcements
Lunch	Consume
Water bottle, filled	Drink from
Ace bandage & First Aid	Just in case
Bristle brush	Clean survey markers
Sponge	Clean survey markers
Hand rake	Remove gross debris from survey markers
Swiss Army knife	Slice lunch cheese
Rain gear & umbrella	Maintain dryness of self & camera gear
Bus fare coins	Return to parked car
Friends' phone #'s	Return to parked car
Hiking boots, snow-sealed	Keep feet warm & dry
Spat (gators)	Keep snow & mud away from feet & pants

Lost Objects

Damaged Gear

Rubber band	Jeans—hole in knee (since sewn shut)
Hand rake	12-inch rule—broken into two shorter pieces
Bungi cord (1)	Map —torn & tattered (since cut into six pieces)
	Boots—slashed & nearly punctured climbing fences

ALL THE PLACES IN ROCHESTER WHERE I WAITED IN LINE DURING ONE MONTH

I. THE SCENES & INCIDENCE—Month of April, 1983

Motivation: The germ for this activity is spawned in the summer of 1980. I attend one of the weeklong Visual Studies summer workshops with Charles Hagen. When I return to Boston (my home then), friends ask my impressions of Rochester. One of my answers is that almost as soon as I cross the city limits into Rochester, my driving becomes extremely herky-jerky.

I guess after prolonged exposure to the color print processors down at RIT, I begin to observe people's behavior while they wait 10-12 minutes for their prints to come out. Some engage in conversation; some leave the area; some read. However, many just sit and wait, staring off into space, but glancing at the slot from which the print will eventually protrude with increasing frequency as ETA approaches.

These observations of spaced-out, glassy-eyed people begin to generalize to other locations where waiting for something to happen is prevalent: banks, supermarkets, merchandise stores, movie houses and theaters, restaurants, gas stations, etc. I decide it will be interesting (and challenging) to make a photographic inventory of all these places I might encounter over a period of time...(say) one month.

Purpose: to photodocument for one month all the places within the Rochester City Limits where, spaced-out and glassy-eyed, I have to wait in line for something to happen; to catalog these events according to scene and incidence.

Procedure: Assemble necessary equipment to facilitate the documentation process: camera (2 $\frac{1}{2}$) and color film to record scenes; a portable cassette recorder so I can verbally describe events should they occur in such rapid succession that I am unable to write down all the details; data sheets to record relevant information; and a digital stopwatch to accurately measure the duration of each event. Go about normal daily routines, but whenever I must stop to wait in line, document the scene and write down the location, date, time, and stopwatch duration to the nearest hundredth of a second. At the end of the month summarize the data and perform statistical analyses. Arrange the visual documents according to scene and number of incidents (incidence) which occurred for that category of scene.

Findings: I choose the month of April because it's my birthday month. I borrow for one month a digital stopwatch from Peter Todd, track coach at RIT. Almost immediately, it becomes apparent that one category is going to "win out" by a wide margin. As a result my customary means of getting around the city are drastically affected. At first, documenting this particular category of scene is intriguing (and challenging). Anticipating the next place I'll have to wait, recording all the data, and being sure my camera is ready requires intense concentration and appeals to the scientific tendencies of my past. I actually enjoy this for a while. But after about ten days (and seven rolls of film), my driving strategies and points of destination within the city begin to change: I am reluctant to go into the city for banking and food shopping;

I become reluctant to see Wilma because just between our houses there are at least a half dozen locations where I'll probably have to wait in line; I resort to conscious slowing between any two of these locations so as to "time the next one just right"...and occasionally sprinting up to 45 mph (the city speed limit is 30 mph) if it appears another of these unwelcome delays is impending; I find myself taking side streets and back alleys or driving across connecting parking lots to avoid the hassle of waiting in line at yet another of these locations another time, even if this means going out of my way; I become extremely aware of timing cycles —by the end of the month I have memorized most of the idiosyncrasies of ones I have been unable to avoid. To summarize, there are 41 places within this one category—surely you must have guessed by now—where I must stop and wait in line a total of 128 times for 61 minutes and 14.34 seconds (\bar{X} =28.48 sec) during the month of April (see accompanying graph).

All the other places (N=29) I must wait in line are nothing compared to these white-knuckling, teeth-gnashing encounters. During the last two weeks I rather welcome the opportunity to wait in line at ANY other locations, such as banks, supermarkets, or restaurants. These are places where we expect to have to wait. But this one most bothersome set of locations (I am told there are about 400—seems more like 4000—within the city limits) reminds me of a cloud of gnats; from a distance they appear tiny, insignificant, and often imperceptible, but when we approach close enough to recognize them, they become totally dominating; be in a hurry to get somewhere and the effect is magnified exponentially. These modern-day icons command our attention from the moment we notice them until we have made our mad dash to get by (and out of their range)—or not having been so fortunate, until we see the color change and are thereby released from their influence. If we turn our gaze elsewhere while we are waiting, we may miss the event and receive a honk from behind (which only heightens our anxiety). So we are trapped, compelled, mesmerized by their presence and power; yet they operate automatically (many by computer) and quite innocently without human intervention—and if we don't do what these inanimate signals tell us to do, we are breaking the law!

During the last hour of the last day in April I am driving back from Gelato's and I realize I am about to be freed and I know I'll be able to relax finally and go anywhere in Rochester that I wish without any of my self-imposed "restrictions". Yet I also realize that I enjoy the intensity of feeling and clarity of perception that results from "needless" discipline. However, from now on waiting in line will return to being the mundane, boring, pain-in-the-neck (in)activity that it's always been—a part of my life I'd gladly do without!

Just a couple of footnotes. It is possible that the incidence (N=1) of one category is much lower than actuality; I don't discover until the month is nearly over that being put "on hold" over the telephone is in effect waiting in line because the line (as with the city limits) is invisible; but we know that having to listen to "on hold" muzak is inevitable whenever we have to phone RG&E or Rochester Telephone or any other major corporation.

The other footnote concerns a temporary job I have this April (1984). If I had to document all the waiting-in-line places now while I am a messenger at a prominent downtown law firm, waiting for elevators would probably use up nearly as much film as...

PETERS PLACE

I. THE SCENES—August 19, 1983

Motivation: I am printing nitrate negatives in the City Hall photo lab one August afternoon of 1983 and I overhear a conversation out in the main office between Ira Srole and Barbara Zinker. She's telling him about some street which is in the process of being bulldozed over. When I hear the name of the street, I decide I must know more.

Purpose: to locate the street which is the subject of the conversation between Ira and Barbara; to photodocument its current condition; to collect remnants from what may have once been a bustling downtown thoroughfare...[huh?...I've got to be what?]

Procedure: study a map of the city and then drive to the location where the street in question should be; walk from one end of the street to the other along both sides. Measure the dimensions of the street by pacing; collect objects found along the way; photograph these objects, using 35mm B/W film. Where ever a directional change occurs in my pacing along the street perimeter, document the new scene. When the far end of the street is encountered, cross the street and continue in the same manner back to where I started.

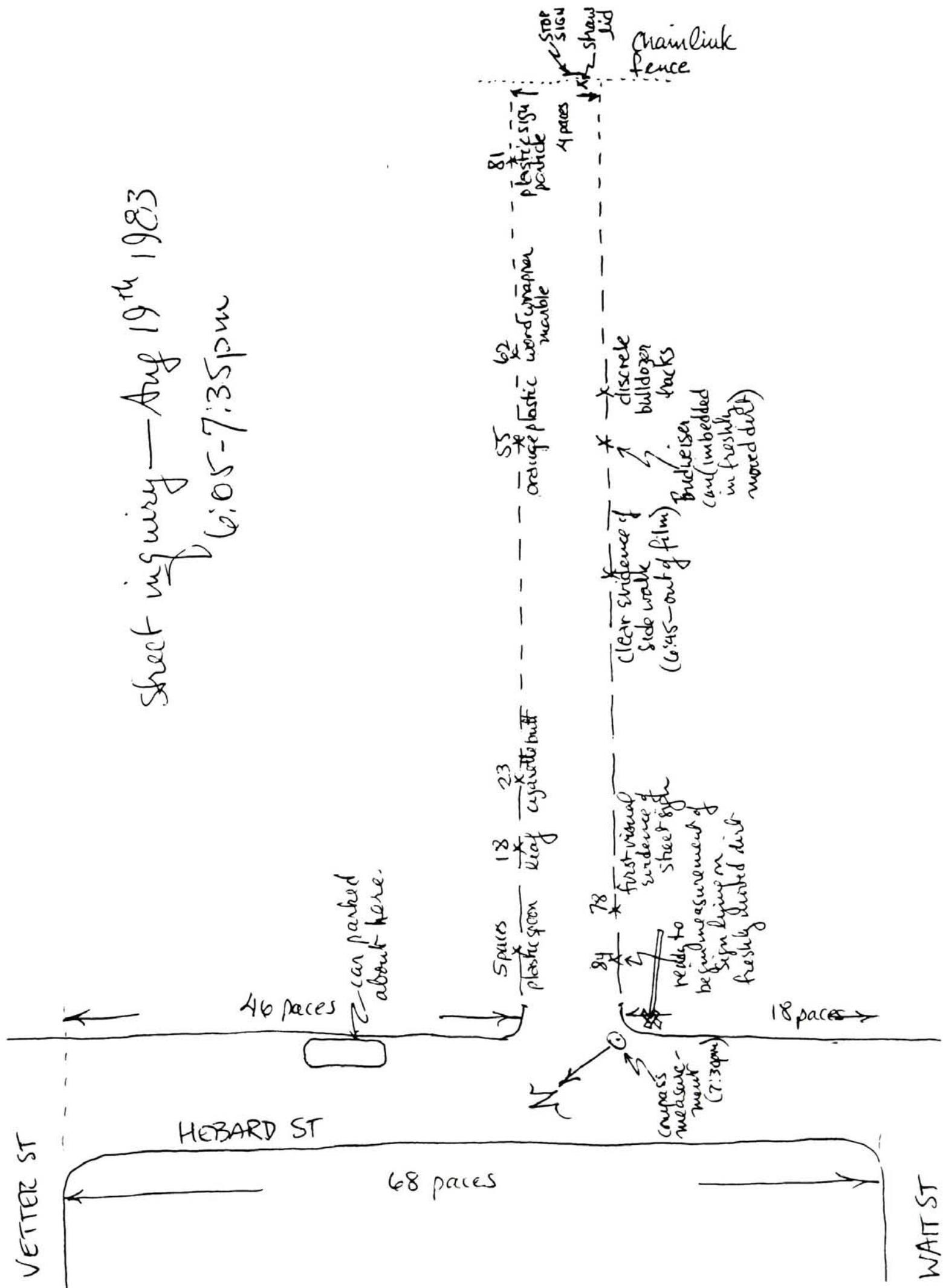
Findings: I drive to a neighborhood near Rochester's Public Market to investigate a street (place) no doubt named before me. I stop and park my car at 6:05pm on Hebard St between Vetter and Wait Sts. The street of inquiry (vestiges thereof) begins on the east side of Hebard St and dead-ends at a stop sign attached to a chain-link fence off in the distance. The only clues for locating the former street are rounded curbstones in a sidewalk gap on the east side of Hebard St and the stop sign off in the distance. All other traces have been obliterated by bulldozer tracks in freshly moved dirt.

I measure by pacing from the left (northern) curbstone east along the old sidewalk of the covered street. This sidewalk is found by digging 4-6" through the fresh dirt. Photographs are made of objects in situ which I find and collect along the way. After 88 paces at 6:32, I reach the chain-link fence where I turn right, walk four paces south past the stop sign, and then resume pacing along the "sidewalk" on the south side of the street.

(AN INCIDENT: at 6:45pm I run out of film (unexpectedly) and must leave the area on a mad search for more of said material (as the sun is getting low). I locate the necessary material at Wegman's in Midtown Plaza and return to the site.)

I resume inquiry at 7:15. After 78 paces from the end of the street where the stop sign is located off in the distance, I acquire first visual evidence of street sign lying on freshly moved dirt up ahead. At 84 paces I commence measurement of said street sign. After measurement of found street sign and a self-portrait of the investigator, equipment, and findings, the street inquiry is concluded at 7:35pm. One very last picture shows this (former) street in all its (current) glory, basking in the last rays of setting sunshine (7:40pm). Finally, the complete street sign is collected (loaded into my Rabbit, heavy end first) and driven to my residence.

Street inquiry — Aug 19th 1983
6:05-7:35pm



THE MEN AND WOMEN OF CITY HALL

I. THE SCENES & THE INCIDENTS—March 5-April 6, 1984

Motivation: The planning for this activity has gone through several stages. My original idea is to photograph all men and women in Rochester's City Hall. Many of them have already helped me complete other parts of my thesis and I figure to photograph them all (and of course, give them copies) would acknowledge my appreciation for what they have done for me, as well as give me something more to do. When I learn that there are about 500 City Hall employees, I change my mind! In fact, I shelve the idea and occupy my time with other activities, that is, until I travel to Boston over Thanksgiving in 1982. There in the Museum of Fine Art (MFA) I happen to notice on the restroom doors the familiar male logo stick figure wearing pants (the stick figure for the women's restroom has on a dress). It is not actually the logo which catches my eye; one sees a facsimile thereof on almost every restroom door outside of one's own home. But on this restroom door in the MFA is stenciled the word, MEN. What attracts my attention is the association of the stick figure with "MEN", which functions as its caption. Just a little thought will tell the viewer that either the logo or the word is wrong!

Remembering my other idea connected with the Welcome to Rochester signs—the literal interpretation of what the sign says and that these are the only places a person can be sure he is looking into Rochester, I realize here is an easy (and cute) way to photograph all the men and women in City Hall; just take pictures of the logos and the words MEN or WOMEN on the restroom doors. Nowadays, the way some people dress and wear their hair, the only way to tell their gender is if they wear signs proclaiming what indeed they are. So it seems safe to assume the only pictures I could take in City Hall in which I would be sure to show MEN or WOMEN are the restroom doors. Since there are only eighteen (vs. 500 employees), this seems to be an efficient (and cheap) method for photographing all the MEN and WOMEN in City Hall.

This idea is really crystal clear. I know the process will take less than a day (as opposed to some of the other projects taking over a year—I deserve a break). Therefore, I concentrate on finishing some of the other work, planning to execute MEN and WOMEN in Spring of 1984.

The trouble is, as time goes by, I become less and less enthusiastic about the idea. Oh, I'd still like to photograph all the people in City Hall somehow, but this way seems almost too easy for me. It also seems demeaning to the city employees—to photograph only the logos and "captions" perpetuates the myth that all bureaucrats look and dress alike: men in pants, suit jackets, white shirts, and ties; women in skirts, suit jackets, frilly blouses, and high heels. Just as with the Scenes around the City Limits, the procedure is too well thought out ahead of time; the end result is predictable and straightforward. I know what and where I am going to photograph before I start; I know how the final image will look before I print it. I might as well just type up and photograph

the idea. But if there is a way to involve the employees without having to actually photograph each one...to reintroduce the element of chance which has proved so endearing in other parts of my project.

In the end the restroom logo/MEN and WOMEN titles come back from the dust covered-shelf to rescue me. They are in effect signs of people. What if I use signatures of the employees in conjunction with these signs. Signatures are synonymous with an individual's identity; signatures declare each person to be unique and singular. So I can still use the restroom door images. If I superimpose employee signatures over MEN/WOMEN logos and words, instead of reinforcing the bureaucratic myth, the combination will contradict the myth.

Purpose: (a) to photograph all the scenes that represent MEN and WOMEN in City Hall; (b) to involve the city employees in the process (incidents) of making the final picture, yet not directly through photographs since that would be counter to my original premise.

Procedure:

Part (a): go to Rochester City Hall with camera, flash, film, and bar stool; photograph only those scenes I can be sure contain MEN or WOMEN; stand on the bar stool (now very rickety) to minimize distortion of physical features—I must obtain a true likeness; one exposure only; start with the bottom floor and work up.

Part (b): buy a large sheet of clear acetate; buy red and green Sharpie pens; obtain permission from City Manager, Peter Korn, to approach in a non-distracting manner each of the city employees; ask the employees to sign their names on the acetate sheet—first, to draw a dotted line of any length; then to sign (or print) their names along this dotted line. Start by having Mayor Ryan and Peter Korn sign their names in the middle; then have all the other workers affix their signatures anywhere on the sheet of acetate; if no empty spaces remain, to sign over someone else's name; legibility and size are not important, just that each signs his name; have each person wear a white glove on his writing hand to keep the acetate free of palm grease. Keep a running total of how many employees contribute signatures; emphasize to each that participation is voluntary—just because Peter Korn sanctions the activity does not command anyone to do so. Thank each person for helping out and mention that the final piece will be on public display during the month of May at the Pyramid Art Center. Personally invite each employee to the opening reception; not to sign anywhere on this piece myself.

Findings:

Part (a): Rochester City Hall is made up of two interconnected buildings, A and B. B has been constructed more recently than A and is sometimes referred to as the New Wing. I find ten locations in A and eight in B from which what I photograph I can be sure are either MEN or WOMEN. These, of course, are the restroom doors on each floor. I label the four rolls of exposed film: AMEN, AWOMEN, BMEN, and BWOMEN; these labels are as wrong as the captions on the restroom doors. As I suspected, this is the easy part; the rest is another epic!

Part (b): From the day (March 6th) I submit my proposal through Paul Brayer of Employee Relations to the day I obtain the first signature, over three weeks go by. My first proposal is rejected and I figure this part of my thesis will be left up to the imagination. But enough people at City Hall who know me make various suggestions, all dealing with some form of perseverance. I submit a new proposal, complete with explanation of my rationale and a prototype collage as visual support. Ten days later, I am informed by the City Manager's secretary that "something has apparently been worked out." I'm not sure what this means (and she cannot elaborate), but it sounds hopeful. Later that afternoon Paul Brayer confirms my guarded optimism: it is OK to proceed as planned; a stipulation is added, however, that I not actually visit individuals in their respective departments, but instead remain in the cafeteria and catch people as they take coffee breaks or lunch hours. Well, I'll go along with that!

At just before 3 PM on March 30th Mayor Thomas P. Ryan Jr. is the first City Hall employee to write his signature on the sheet of acetate. I thank him and let him know that on a later date in May I would be honored if he'd accept a copy of the finished piece. Sue O'Brien, his Administrative Assistant, says she will arrange this exchange. Peter Korn is unavailable to be the second signee.

By the end of that first afternoon, a Friday, I have almost 60 signatures. Each person also fills in a square on a piece of graph paper, used as the Tally Sheet. Already behavioral dynamics become apparent to even this extinct psychologist during the employee signings: "Let's see, which color, red or green?...well, I don't want to put my name too close to the Mayor's...does the dotted line have to be straight?...can't I sign my name first and draw the dotted line underneath?...Gee, there isn't much empty space left for me to put my name...fill in a square anywhere on the Tally Sheet?" Some are finished in moments, not even worried whether they receive an explanation from me; others are shy or reluctant and need coaxing from me to even put on the white glove; most are curious and in the end enthusiastically contribute to the process; only a very few decide not to participate. The explanation that seems to be most convincing is that while most art work consists of a framed picture with the artist's signature in the lower right-hand corner, this piece will be comprised of signatures, but will be left unsigned by me. An additional line of reasoning recognizes the City Hall bureaucracy to be multi-leveled with the Mayor, City Council Members, and City Manager at the top and secretaries, receptionists, and custodians at the bottom; in this piece all city workers, regardless of position, place themselves on the one level (plane) of the acetate sheet. It, therefore, becomes a "declaration of equality". On the other hand, by writing his or her name over a signature of a higher official, a lower echelon worker can figuratively "go over" his superior, no doubt generating surges of joy, hot tingles all over, and immense satisfaction. The city employees who sign their names like this rationale; so do I.

By the time the first Friday in April brings the process to a close, exactly 300 City Hall employees have signed their names to my acetate sheet. Almost all the empty spaces are covered by red (N=121) and green marks. Signatures are layered one on top of another. The image is beginning to resemble a Jackson Polluck—well, just a tad. Even the Tally Sheet has taken on an interesting appearance. Again the interaction with yet another group of people in Rochester proves to be the highlight of this process. As expected, the final print of the restroom signs collaged with the signatures looks terrific. I make an extra copy for...

II. THE EXCHANGE—to be announced

Motivation: I feel I should follow through with my promise to present to the Mayor as representative of all city workers a copy of the final piece.

Purpose: to do just that.

Procedure: through a meeting arranged by Sue O'Brien, do just that. Have the Mayor come to the Pyramid gallery and stand near the displayed piece; both he and I wear clean white gloves; have a third person photograph this event with a Polaroid camera; place the Time-Zero print on the wall next to the original; thank the Mayor profusely for his cooperation; ask him to convey an equal appreciation to all the men and women in City Hall.

THE STANDARD DOTTED LINES IN ROCHESTER

(Subtitled: THE LATEST THESIS MIRACLE)

I. THE SCENES —April 21-22, 1984

Motivation: I can remember my parents driving me between New York City and Wilmington, Delaware on the New Jersey Turnpike when I was small. I was always fascinated by scenes along the highway—I also enjoyed just watching the highway itself disappear under the front of the car. Because I was small, the dashboard and hood prevented me from seeing things close to the car. I remember the dotted lines that separate the traffic lanes as they advanced with ever increasing speed toward the edge of the hood, only to vanish under the car and rapidly recede toward the rear window horizon before I had a good chance to look at them—I can remember being certain they were only two feet long...and I continued to assume this perception for many years until one day in Philadelphia when I was not small anymore, I noticed how long they really were. Practically anyone I asked about this replied with the same answer as I had always believed.

Twenty years go by before I move to Rochester and question Charlie DiSalvo, a traffic engineer at DPW about the dotted lines in the city streets; of course, he also knows how long they really are. He pulls out a reference note book of roadway standards and shows me that these lines are either length A or length B. "A" used to be the only standard, but the somewhat shorter B length was recently introduced to save \$'s. I decide that since I have already followed the imaginary dotted line of the city limits for 44 miles and persuaded City Hall employees to sign on the dotted line, I will produce visual evidence to inform curious Rochesterians the true length of the standard dotted lines in streets, roads, and highways.

Purpose: to find on the City streets of Rochester two dotted lines of standard length and to photodocument this process and the two lines which eventually conform to the right length.

Procedure: Obtain orange road cones (2) from City Hall (Leonard) to control traffic; buy silver-coated masonry nails to hammer into the asphalt or concrete at either end of the line to be measured; find someone appropriate to assist in the measuring task; use 35mm B&W film for documentation; record all findings on data sheets.

For the lines to be measured: select only those which are intact and in good shape (the ones composed of 3M overlaid plastic tape which has been heat-sealed into the pavement offer the most likely possibilities); position road cones at either end; drive masonry nails into the exact ends of the line in question; then measure precisely with a flexible steel tape (tolerance = ± 1 ""); record the location, date, time, and length of each line; make a photograph of the scene. Where either standard length A or B is found make a note, and subsequently search for only the line of the other length. Mark the ends of the two lines found to be of the standard length with day-glo tape. After both lines have been located and so marked, make detailed photodocumentation of each one.

findings: I choose Tym Benkowski as the person appropriate to assist in the measuring process; he is an artist who paints lines and stripes of various colors, dimensions, and backgrounds. I choose to start by measuring any dotted lines which coincide with the City Limits—the only locations where (by chance) the city boundary becomes visible. None of the lines on Highland Ave (N=3) or Seneca Ave north of East Ridge Road (N=20) are found to be the right length. All these lines are painted yellow. The ones on Seneca Ave are not in very good shape and probably have suffered a rough winter.

Next, I opt for measuring lines in the downtown area of the city; here the lines are relatively new and are the overlaid plastic type. My assistant and I find a stripe of length B just opposite the bus depot and Midtown Plaza on Broad Street. We mark the ends of this special dotted line with yellow fluorescent tape.



(AN INCIDENT: we turn our attention to a search for length A. The slew of dotted lines on St. Paul Street in the block where the Pyramid Gallery is located offers excellent prospects. We measure and measure and measure, searching for a dotted line of the right length; almost all are too long; a couple are close, but not within tolerance limits..."by the way, Tym, how many nails ya got left? Just a couple?...hmm, me, too." We run out of nails. Operations suspended. Tomorrow is Easter Sunday. With the possibility of obtaining more nails before Monday nil, I am a bit depressed. Traffic during the weekdays makes line measuring dangerous. Hoping for a miracle, I say a short prayer in the shower and leave a message on the phone tape machine of the person who sold me the first box of nails. Just after 10 AM of Easter morning the phone rings. "When can I bring you another box of nails?" Dave Murray, the only dealer (out of Syracuse no less) in Rochester, has come to my rescue. Henceforth, I endear him with the nickname: "Nailman".)

So I return to the St. Paul Street scene and within 30 minutes locate a dotted line of the standard length A on Andrews Street near the intersection with St. Paul. I mark the ends of this special line with day-glo orange tape.


Lastly, I photodocument each of the two lines that are of the correct lengths. Overall, I measure 61 dotted lines in my search for lengths A and B. The average length for A (N=35) is 10' 4 3/4" and for B (N=26), 15' 4". The standard lengths are the feet minus the inches.

I enjoy a terrific Easter dinner with housemates and friends.

APPENDIX D

172 11  1/5
 1/5


PYRAMID ART CENTER (TOP VIEW)

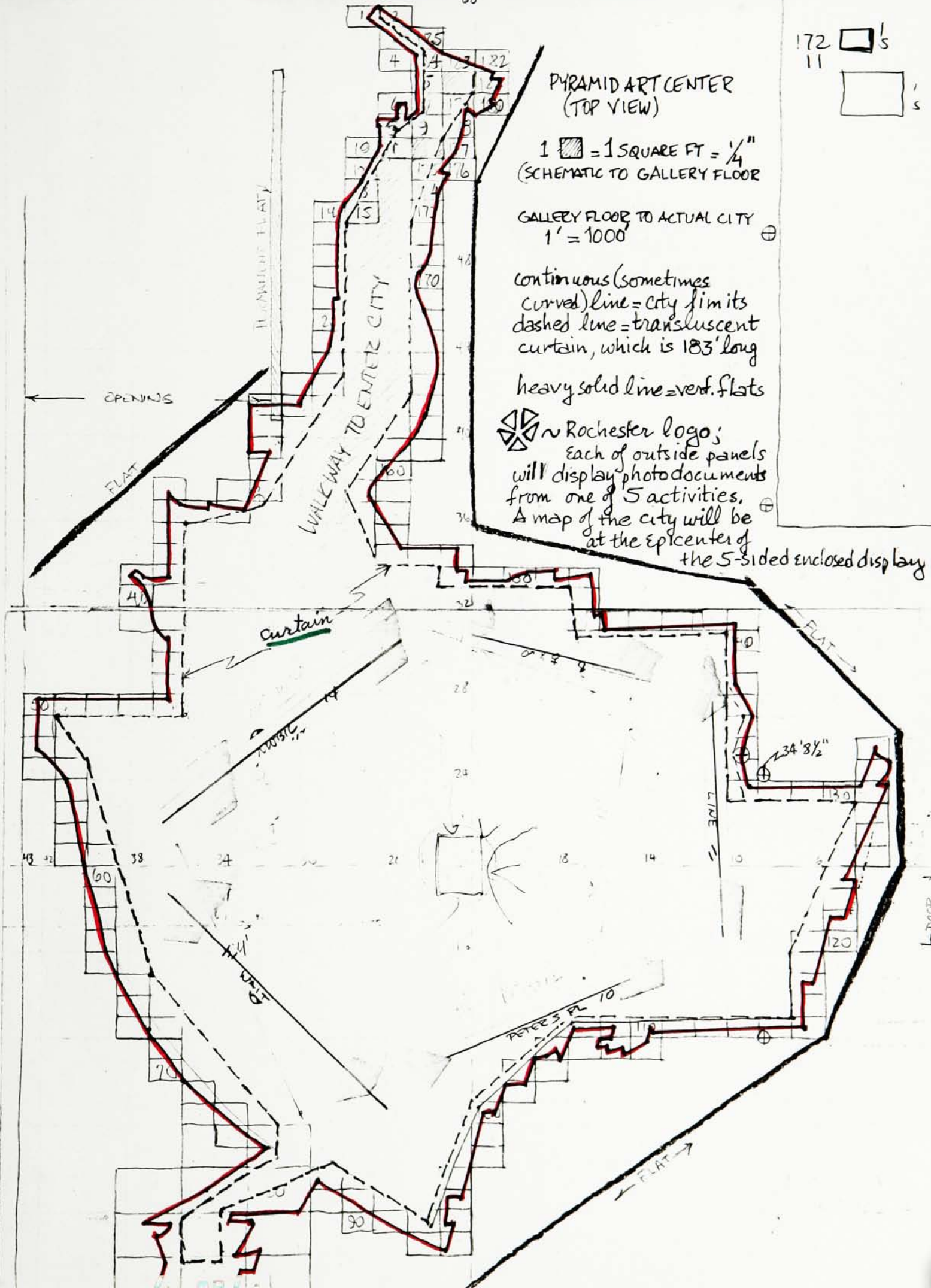
1  = 1 SQUARE FT = 1/4"
 (SCHEMATIC TO GALLERY FLOOR)

GALLERY FLOOR TO ACTUAL CITY
 1' = 1000' ⊕

continuous (sometimes curved) line = city limits
 dashed line = translucent curtain, which is 183' long

heavy solid line = vert. flats

 ~ Rochester logo;
 Each of outside panels will display photodocuments from one of 5 activities.
 A map of the city will be at the epicenter of the 5-sided enclosed display ⊕



APPENDIX E

APPENDIX F

Appreciation and sincere thanks to all the People who helped to make this project a success!

The Activities:

The City Limits of Rochester

David Austin (who said my idea was "borderline conceptual art")
Tim O'Connell, Frank Rozwell, and Robert Owens (who helped me find it)

Tim Enders, Doug Wall, Jim Beck, Gerry Erb, Dana Davis, Rob Smith, Chris Harrold, and Glenn Knudson (who lent me their tools and/or assistance to build it)

Suzanne Frew (whose mountain book inspired it)

John McCracken (whose ortho processor developed it)

Jim Myers (who wrote about it)

Bernie Knoeferk (who made me (a) sign for it)

The Men and Women of City Hall

Paul Brayer, Sue O'Brien, and Peter Korn (whose efforts and cooperation made it possible)

Ira Srole (who photographed the first event)

Tim O'Connell and Richard Goldstein (who kept me from giving up)

Peters Place

Barbara Zinker and Ira Srole (who first told me of its (non)-existence)

All the Places Where I Waited in Line

Peter Todd (whose digital stopwatch allowed me to time it)

Bill Planert (who loaned a traffic light for one month)

Tim Enders (who energized the traffic light in one night)

Fritz Howard (who finished the computer typeout in one week)

The Standard Dotted Line

Charlie DiSalvo (who first showed me the Book of Highway Standards)

Robert Owens (who gave me the first masonry nail)

David Murray (who provided 200 more masonry nails—over Easter weekend, no less)

Leonard Miraglia (who loaned me road cones)

Ira Srole (who photographed my signing on the dotted line)

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T.H. Green Electric

Otis Lumber Company

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CISCO Industrial Hardware

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Special Thanks to the LIFT program for funding the installation

Special Thanks to Tony Petracca and Ginna Moseson for letting me build the installation in their space

Special Thanks to my father for everything else

OVER

("OVER" as in "ENDED")

NOW TURN IT BACK

(and go back to the front
to sign your name on the dotted line
--if you haven't already.

Thanx,

P.E.)

